



7
VERSES

FOR

HOLY SEASONS;

WITH

QUESTIONS FOR EXAMINATION.

Mrs. C. F. H. Alexander
BY C. F. H. Alexander

EDITED BY

WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, D.D.,
VICAR OF LEEDS.

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TO
 THE AUTHOR
 OF
 THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, ²
 THIS ATTEMPT
 TO ADAPT THE GREAT PRINCIPLE
 OF HIS IMMORTAL WORK
 TO THE
 EXIGENCIES OF THE SCHOOL ROOM,
 IS INSCRIBED,
 WITH FEELINGS OF REVERENCE AND RESPECT,
 BY
 ONE OF THE MANY THOUSANDS
 WHO HAVE PROFITED
 BY HIS LABOURS.



P R E F A C E.

THE following Hymns were written by a lady resident in Ireland, with a view of adapting the principle observed in *The Christian Year* to the capacities of the young and uneducated. This volume may, therefore, be considered as a Christian Year for Children, in which the attempt is made, by simple hymns, to express the feelings, and enforce the instructions, which, in her distribution of the year, the Church of England suggests.

As the object has been to provide the young with verses which they may readily understand, and easily learn, the most simple metres have been adopted, and what may appear to some to be a kind of sing-song style of versification.

Aware that several similar attempts have been made, though none, it is apprehended, on so

extensive a scale, the Authoress felt a diffidence in offering her work to the public, but was encouraged by the liberal offer of the Publishers, who agreed to run all risks, on condition that its passage through the press should be superintended by him whose initials are affixed to this preface.

It is hoped that the volume will, in some respects, supply that want of simple hymns which is admitted to exist by all who are engaged in instructing the younger members of the Church ; and that it will be made very useful to the less educated portions of the community, by facilitating the impression of truth on their minds, or by fixing there profitable and holy associations.

W. F. H.

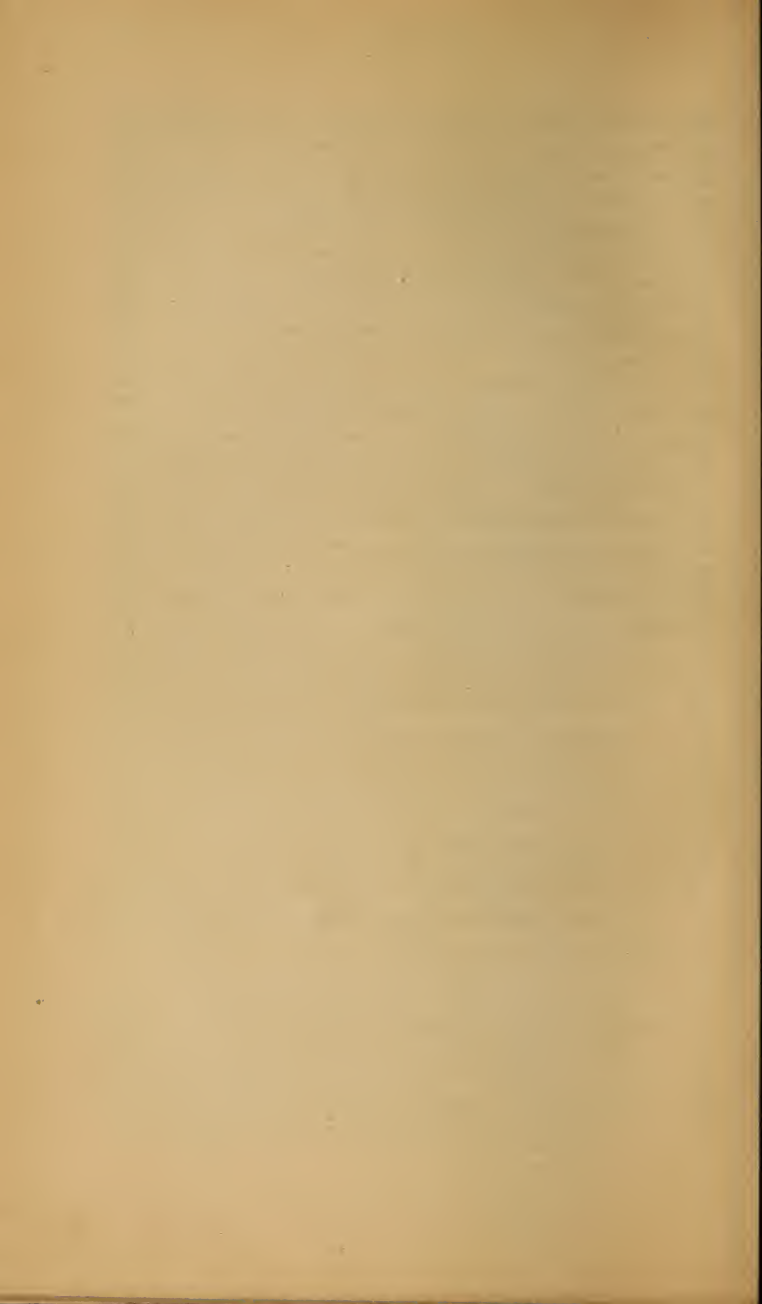
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CONTENTS.

The First Sunday in Advent— <i>The Coming of our Lord</i>	page 1
The Second Sunday in Advent— <i>Holy Scripture</i>	3
The Third Sunday in Advent— <i>The Pastor</i>	5
The Fourth Sunday in Advent— <i>Prayer</i>	7
Christmas Day	9
Saint Stephen's Day	11
Saint John the Evangelist's Day	13
The Innocents' Day.....	16
The Sunday after Christmas — <i>Morning</i>	18
The Circumcision of our Lord — <i>Obedience</i>	20
The Epiphany	22
The First Sunday after the Epiphany— <i>The Lord in the Temple</i>	25
The Second Sunday after the Epiphany — <i>The Marriage Feast</i>	27
The Third Sunday after the Epiphany — <i>Humility</i>	29
The Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany — <i>The Storm</i>	31
The Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany — <i>Harvest time</i>	33
The Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany — <i>Our Heavenly Hope</i>	35
Septuagesima Sunday — <i>The Ancient Games</i>	37
Sexagesima Sunday — <i>The Good Seed</i>	39
Quinquagesima Sunday — <i>Charity</i>	41
Ash Wednesday — <i>Repentance</i>	43
The First Sunday in Lent — <i>Lent</i>	45
The Second Sunday in Lent— <i>The Heathen</i>	47
The Third Sunday in Lent — <i>Idleness</i>	49
The Fourth Sunday in Lent — <i>Forgiveness</i>	51
The Fifth Sunday in Lent — <i>The Graves of the Fathers</i>	53

The Sunday next before Easter — <i>The Triumph</i>	page 55
Good Friday — <i>The Crucifixion</i>	57
Easter Even — <i>The Burial</i>	59
Easter Day — <i>The Resurrection</i>	61
The First Sunday after Easter — <i>The Warrior</i>	63
The Second Sunday after Easter — <i>The Blessing</i>	65
The Third Sunday after Easter — <i>The Pilgrim</i>	67
The Fourth Sunday after Easter — <i>Early Teaching</i>	69
The Fifth Sunday after Easter — <i>Good Fruits</i>	71
Ascension Day — <i>The Ascension</i>	73
The Sunday after the Ascension — <i>The Appointed Place</i>	75
Whitsunday — <i>The Descent of the Holy Ghost</i>	77
Trinity Sunday — <i>Mystery</i>	79
The First Sunday after Trinity — <i>Rich and Poor</i>	81
The Second Sunday after Trinity — <i>Sisera</i>	84
The Third Sunday after Trinity — <i>Watchfulness</i>	86
The Fourth Sunday after Trinity — <i>A Brother's Fault</i>	88
The Fifth Sunday after Trinity — <i>Courtesy</i>	90
The Sixth Sunday after Trinity — <i>Words</i>	92
The Seventh Sunday after Trinity — <i>Costly Gifts</i>	94
The Eighth Sunday after Trinity — <i>The Prince of Wales</i>	97
The Ninth Sunday after Trinity — <i>Types and Examples</i>	100
The Tenth Sunday after Trinity — <i>The Envious King</i>	103
The Eleventh Sunday after Trinity — <i>Naaman the Syrian</i>	106
The Twelfth Sunday after Trinity — <i>The Dumb Boy</i>	109
The Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity — <i>Our Neighbours</i>	112
The Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity — <i>Praise</i>	114
The Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity — <i>The Lily</i>	116
The Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity — <i>The Widow's Son</i>	118
The Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity — <i>Idols</i>	120
The Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity — <i>Sundays</i>	123
The Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity — <i>The King and the</i> } <i>Prophet</i>	125
The Twentieth Sunday after Trinity — <i>The Wedding Feast</i>	128
The Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity — <i>Our Fathers and Mothers</i>	130
The Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity — <i>Dumb Animals</i>	133
The Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity — <i>Loyalty</i>	135
The Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity — <i>The Ruler's Child</i> ...	138
The Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity — <i>Soft Answers</i>	141

Saint Andrew's Day	<i>page</i> 143
Saint Thomas's Day	145
The Conversion of Saint Paul	147
The Presentation of Christ in the Temple, commonly called The Purification of Saint Mary the Virgin	} 150
Saint Matthias's Day.....	152
The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.....	154
Saint Mark's Day.....	156
Saint Philip and Saint James's Day	158
Saint Barnabas's Day.....	160
Saint John Baptist's Day	163
Saint Peter's Day.....	166
Saint James the Apostle's Day	169
Saint Bartholomew's Day	171
Saint Matthew's Day	174
Saint Michael and all Angels	177
Saint Luke the Evangelist's Day	181
Saint Simon and Saint Jude's Day	183
All Saints' Day	185
Questions	189



The First Sunday in Advent.

Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the LORD.—
St. Matt. xxi. 9.

WHEN first our LORD came down on earth
He did not scorn like us to be,
For He was born of mortal birth,
A simple child of low degree.

Where Syrian waves are bright and clear,
Where Judah's grapes grow large and red,
He walked below ; and men drew near
And heard the holy words He said.

But when the LORD shall come again
With angel hosts encircled round,
All earth-and heaven shall hail Him then,
With thunder peal and trumpet sound ;

And, some in joy and some in dread,
The sons of men His eye shall meet ;
For all the living and the dead,
Must stand before His judgment seat.

His voice on earth we did not hear,
His steps below we could not trace,
But when His glory shall appear
We too shall meet Him face to face.

So we must cast our sins away ;
The Christian robe all white and new
He gave on our baptismal day,
We must not stain its snowy hue.

But all the things He used to tell
Our hands must do, our lips must learn,
Like faithful servants working well
And waiting our dear LORD'S return.

For surely as the leaves and flowers
In summer time come back again,
So surely as in sultry hours
The dark clouds bring the pleasant rain,

Shall He Who in His lowly love
Came down that we might be forgiven,
Break glorious through the clouds above,
And take His children home to heaven.

The Second Sunday in Advent.

*That we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have
hope. — Rom. xv. 4.*

MORE precious than the fine gold
The rich man hoardeth up,
Far sweeter than the honey drop
Hid in the lily's cup,
Are words writ down in God's own Book,
And poured into the ear
Of them who read His Word aright,
Or reverently hear.

O Christian children, good wise men
Who lived long years ago,
What had they given to learn at last
The things ye read and know ;
The strains that fill your infant ears
Free as life's common air,
Sweet words of hope and joy and trust
Around you whispered fair!

Abroad, in GOD's own holy house,
 Within your cottage homes,
Wherever man has need of aid,
 Or want or sorrow comes,
They bring the rule of all your joys,
 The salve for all your sorrow,
A stream where you may taste to-day
 And drink more deep to-morrow.

Remember, then, of them is asked
 Much, to whom much is given ;
Nor read in vain the blessed Book
 That tells of CHRIST and heaven ;
Nor careless the free gift abuse ;
 Since love from knowledge springs,
And reverent use keeps holy still
 The most familiar things.

And never turn that holy page
 Without a holy thought,
And daily strive in word and deed
 To do what it has taught ;
So shall your feet in patience tread
 The paths of care and strife,
Strong in the blessed hope it brings
 Of everlasting life.

The Third Sunday in Advent.

Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of CHRIST, and stewards of the mysteries of GOD.—1 Cor. iv. 1.

THE shepherd on the green hill side
Sits watching all the day
To guide his sheep to pastures meet,
To turn them when they stray.

The Pastor looks with anxious care
On us, whom GOD has given
Into his charge, to guide our feet
And train our souls for heaven.

He walks amid our lowly homes
And kindly is his smile,
And deep and stern his solemn voice
Comes down the church's aisle.

He kneels beside the poor man's bed
Ere life's last throbbings cease,
And prompts the prayer of penitence
And pours the words of peace.

He teaches us God's holy Will
When we, in order due,
Stand round and gather at his lips
What we should think and do.

For he is CHRIST's own minister,
Of Him sent forth, to show
The wonders of His love to us
Here in the Church below.

Then meekly must we hear the Word
And duteously obey ;
The shepherd grieves if only one
Of all his flock should stray.

And sure the little lambs should love
To frolic round the hand
That leads them to the flowery meads
Of that far greener land,

Where each true Pastor, safe at last,
His little band shall bring
To the Great Shepherd of all souls,
Their own Redeeming King.

The Fourth Sunday in Advent.

In every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto GOD. — Phil. iv. 6.

WHEN first the golden sun returning
Through breaking clouds brings glorious day,
When thought is fresh and strength unwearied,
Rise, Christian child, kneel down and pray.

When fall the sunset hues of even
On folding flower and dewy sod,
When purple gleams are on the mountain,
Kneel, child, again, and pray to God.

Hast thou not need of strength to fit thee
All day to strive in Christian fight?
Hast thou not need of love to shield thee
From danger all the gloomy night?

Thy father's hand may fail to help thee,
Nor even thy mother sooth thy care,—
There is an Arm that never wearies,
An Ear that heareth every prayer.

The poor man in his straw-roofed cottage,
The rich man in his lordly hall,
The old man's voice, the child's first whisper,
He listens and He answers all.

Yea, more than our poor hearts may venture
To dream or ask, His love shall give,
For the dear sake of Him most precious,
In Whom this better life we live ;

This life wherein, from wrath delivered,
And in CHRIST'S Name to GOD brought near,
We pour to our forgiving Father
The prayers His mercy loves to hear.

Christmas Day.

Unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is
CHRIST THE LORD.—St. Luke, ii. 11.

CHILDREN, rise ! through all the east
Dawns our happy Christmas feast ;
Praise the newborn Prince of glory
Angel harps have rung before ye :
They last night, in joyous tone,
To the shepherds watching lone,
While their dazzled eyes grew dim,
Poured the SAVIOUR'S birthday hymn.

Come to hail your infant King !
All good men are worshipping,
Where within the church are seen
Brightest wreaths of evergreen ;
And the berries red that grow,
Smiling, through the winter's snow,
Like the Child who looked so bright
On a world of sin and night.

With glad hearts and cheerful faces
Come to your accustomed places ;
Year by year and day by day
Here we praise Him, here we pray ;

Here we read His wondrous story,
Singing to our LORD in glory,
Who came down on earth to be
Once a poor weak child like ye.

From the holy heavenly place
Where He saw His FATHER's face,
Where bright bands of angels wait,—
To the poor man's mean estate,
Lowly, desolate, opprest ;
To a maiden mother's breast ;
To the smiles soon lost in tears,
And the pains of infant years.

By His lowly gracious birth,
God's own Son on this poor earth,
From your birthright here below,
Sin, and death, and shame, and woe,
Ye are freed ; and, born anew,
Ye must live as Christians do,
Praying Him, to Whom were known
Childhood's griefs, to help His own.

Haste ye to our birthday feast ;
Not the meanest, not the least,
High, or low, should turn away ;
CHRIST our King was born to-day.

Saint Stephen's Day.

And when he had said this, he fell asleep.— Acts, vii. 60.

HAVE you not seen the lily ride,
When winds were loud and waves were high,
Serenely o'er the troubled tide,
Spreading her white breast to the sky?

So, calm amid the raging throng
Of evil men athirst for blood,
In faith serene, in comfort strong,
CHRIST'S earliest martyr Stephen stood.

His cheek, no fear has turned it white;
His parted lips no groans have riven;
His face is as an angel's bright;
His lifted eyes are turned to heaven;

What sees he there? Oh! faithful found!
CHRIST to His dying saint draws nigh,
Heaven's glorious rays stream all around;
He sees the FATHER throned on high,

And JESUS standing by His throne ;—
Close presses on the raging crowd ;
Falls thick and fast the murderous stone ;
The martyr's knee to earth is bowed.

“ LORD, lay not to their charge,” he prays,
“ This sin ! O CHRIST, my spirit keep ! ”
Take up your clothes and go your ways,
Ye men of pride ; he lies asleep.

So Stephen died ; nor Christian eye
Should read the tale so sadly dear,
And careless cast the story by ;
A great example have we here.

Though not for us the stone be flung,
Nor murderer's hand be lifted up,
It teacheth all, both old and young,
How best to drink our Master's cup,

For trials here to all are given ;
LORD, make us, then, like thy dear saint,
To look through all to Thee and heaven,
Nor let our weary spirits faint.

And give us love as full and free,
Forgiving all who do us spite ;
And let us sleep like him in Thee ;
And be our waking hour as bright.

St. John the Evangelist's Day.

Then Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom JESUS loved following; which also leaned on his breast at supper.—

St. John, xxi. 20.

THERE lies a little lonely isle
Where dark the salt waves run
And Grecian fishers dry their nets
Against the eastern sun ;

And, many a hundred years ago,
Within that island fair
There dwelt an exiled Jewish man,
A man of reverend air ;

His eye was bright as setting suns,
His aged form unbent ;
The little children following,
He blest them as he went.

That head beloved at supper time
Had leant on JESUS' breast ;
That honoured hand had taken home
His Mother for a guest ;

That eye had seen in glorious trance
Mysterious things to be,
Wild visions of impending doom
On heaven and earth and sea ;

His pen had writ of times to come,
Of dearer times by gone ;
He was the fisher's chosen son,
The LORD's beloved Saint John ;

And he had drunk his Master's cup
So long, so patiently,
And now he lingered there, the last,
Till CHRIST should set him free.

I wish I'd lived in those old times,
And been a Grecian child,
To hear that old man's blessing kind,
To meet him when he smiled,

To learn the words of holy love
That ever from his lips
Fell gentle as the evening dew
The thirsty blossom sips.

But love endureth through all age ;
Nor time, nor distance drear,
Divide the living and the dead
Of CHRIST's communion dear.

For all His saints in Him are one ;
The exile o'er the sea,
The child within his English home,
The struggling, and the free.

The good Saint John hath rest at last ;
He wears the promised crown ;
And still, by the dear Church he watched,
His words are handed down ;

And we shall meet him, not as once
On that far island shore,
But where apostles, martyrs, saints,
Have peace for evermore.

Ennocents' Day.

*These were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto GOD
and to the LAMB.— Rev. xiv. 4.*

THERE was a voice of bitter woe
Through David's ancient city,
When Rachel for her children sued
To them that knew not pity;

When all her mothers o'er their babes
Wept loud in hopeless sorrow,
Pressing the lips that smiled in death
But shall not smile to-morrow.

There is a voice in heaven's high courts,
Of joy and triumph singing,
A hundred thousand harps, and more,
That strain are ever ringing;

And fair young angels all in white
Around the throne are gliding,
For ever in the glorious light
Of CHRIST their LORD abiding.

These are the first fruits of The LAMB,
The undefiled and holy
Who died for Him, when Herod's sword
Had slain The Child so lowly.

Oh blessed babes, who won so soon
The martyr's crown all glorious,
Washed ere the world had cast a stain,
And ere the strife victorious.

Ye glorified The LORD in death,
Your young lives freely giving ;
We, too, your brethren here on earth,
May glorify Him living.

Still yearly on our infant ears
Fall echoes of your story,
We think upon your robes washed white,
And on your palms of glory.

We praise His name Who still ordains
Young children to adore Him,
And pray that we may ever walk
In love and truth before Him.

Sunday after Christmas.

*And thou shalt call His Name JESUS, for He shall save His people
from their sins. — St. Matt. i. 21.*

How brightly falls the morning ray
 Along the dewy sod,
As though it came to light our day
 Fresh from the throne of GOD.

How sweetly do the wild birds sing
 From out their dewy bowers ;
How pleasant are the scents that spring
 From all earth's opening flowers.

GOD loves to see the flowers rejoice,
 He loves the wild bird's hymn,
And yet their worship has no voice,
 Their sweetest strains are dim.

• But children's lips sweet strains may learn,
 Of love and meaning too ;
And children's eyes to GOD may turn
 Like flowers through morning dew.

God loves the voices low and clear,
The early offered prayer ;
In truth He is a Father dear,
And hath a Father's care.

There was a Child, Whose mortal birth,
Like morning's rosy light,
Broke glorious o'er our darkened earth ;
No flower so sweet and bright.

And for That *Holy* CHILD's dear love,
And through His precious blood,
Are children's voices heard above,
And children's hearts made good.

The Circumcision.

And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, His Name was called JESUS.—Luke, ii. 21.

ON many a small and common thing
That meets us every day
Has GOD writ down the solemn word,
Learn, Christian, to obey.

Early must little children learn,
With hearts yet soft and shy,
Meekly to do another's will,
Nor ask the reason why.

Teachers, and friends, and parents dear,
And pastors, these are they
Of whom to little children God
Says "Hear them and obey."

And men and wives, in after years,
Even to life's latest hour,
Must bow the neck and bend the head
To some superior power.

Even He, the GOD once born on earth,
Whom angels wondering saw,
He bowed of old His infant head
Obedient to the law.

Lord, take away the stubborn thought,
The proud rebellious heart ;
In meek obedience ever lies
The Christian's proper part ;

That like Thine own obedient Son
Subduing our own will,
Thy little lambs to all Thy laws
May prove obedient still.

The Epiphany.

They presented unto Him gifts ; gold, frankincense, and myrrh.—
St. Matt. ii. 11.

Who are they, travelling from afar,
With jewelled gift and incense fine ?
No merchants homeward bound they are,
No sons of Jacob's chosen line.

For now the Sun that rose so bright
For all the earth, has dawned in heaven,
Far lands have felt the breaking light,
The temple's veil will soon be riven ;

And mercy, like a gentle star,
Looks down from heaven, and leads them on
From eastern scenes of pomp and war
To worship at a cradle throne.

The wandering star has ceased to roam ;
Calm falls her radiance, pure and mild,
On yonder Jewish peasant's home,
On yonder low-born Jewish Child.

Laid on a virgin mother's knee,
No waiting guards, no pomp around,
The wise men joy exceedingly,
The MONARCH Whom they sought is found.

They kneel before their Infant KING
And all their treasured gifts unfold,
In costly homage offering
The myrrh, the incense, and the gold.

And meet it was all earth should send
A tribute of her costliest things ;
And meet it was her kings should bend
In homage to the KING OF KINGS.

Praise to His mercy ! We had been,
The Good *Great* GOD to us unknown,
Poor heathen children, in our sin
Bowed down to gods of wood and stone ;

BUT CHRIST received the Gentile's vow,
The distant isles no more are dim,
And all are Abraham's children now
Who hold like precious faith with him.

Great kings for CHRIST great things have done ;
He bade them nurse His church below ;
And brighter crowns their brows have won,
At His dear cross adoring low.

But not the gift the poor man bears,
Nor lowliest child, will He despise ;
Submissive hearts and contrite prayers
Are His most holy sacrifice.

The First Sunday after the Epiphany.

After three days, they found Him in the temple. — St. Luke ii. 46.

STILL duly as the church bells ring
O'er wooded hill and valley green,
To God's own holy house we bring
Glad hearts and reverent mein.

In smiling order, two by two,
All up the village street we tread,
And underneath the churchyard yew
Above the Christian dead,

And through the porch's open door,
And slowly up the solemn aisle ;
Each sitting where he sat before,
In long and ordered file ;

Like young flowers set in fragrant row
Within some garden cultured fair,
Or flocks of wild birds winging slow
And silent through the air.

Even He, the glorious LORD of all,
Came in His holy childhood dear,
And sat within God's temple wall,
 To question, and to hear.

Still sweetly falls the solemn word
That teaches what we ought to do,
Still deep and high the prayers are poured ;
 We ask, and listen too.

And He Who stayed an humble child,
Long lingering in the house of God,
When sire, and kin, and mother mild,
 Unconscious, homeward trod,

He loves, when little voices sweet
The organ's sacred notes prolong,
Join when His elder saints repeat,
 And swell His angels' song.

He called us to this blessed state,
Young members of His church below ;
Then let us throng His temple gate,
 And let our praises freely flow.

The Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

And both JESUS was called, and His disciples, to the marriage.—

St. John ii. 2.

COME to our joyous marriage feast,
The bride has decked her hair,
The board is full, the wine is red;
Come forth our mirth to share.

Thus merrily through Cana's town
Had the glad summons poured,
But had not told what honoured Guest
Should grace that festal board;

Even He, The GOD, for us made man,
His lowly mother near,
Who sat and smiled upon the rite,
And blessed the bridal cheer.

Why do the servants pause in doubt?
The voice of mirth is stayed;
"My Son, they have no wine to drink,"
Softly the mother said.

Oh Loving LORD, and *Good* to all,
He marked the lowly need,
Yet gently chid the eager voice
That urged His gracious deed.

“Fill to the brim the water pots.”
And they obey His sign ;
They draw, they bear ; the clear pure wave
Is turned to rosy wine.

No more when Cana's brides are wed
CHRIST comes the feast to share ;
But Christian hands may spread the board,
And He will still be there,

To hallow still our festive hours,
If chastened be our mirth,
Such as we had not feared if He
Had looked on when on earth.

O Thou to Whom all might and power
In this wide earth belong,
Changing her natural elements,
And making weak things strong ;

Change Thou Thy children's sinful hearts,
Bless Thou their weak design ;
For man may fill the water pot,
GOD makes the water wine.

The Third Sunday after the Epiphany.

LORD, *I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof.*—
St. Matt. viii. 8.

THE flower that in the lowly vale,
Beside the old gray stone,
Hides underneath her dark green leaves,
And blooms there all alone ;

Her scented breath is just as sweet,
Her silken leaf as blue,
As though within the garden ground
Admired and prized she grew.

The lowly heart, the humble mind,
That shrink from human praise,
That wear away in unknown deeds
The measure of their days,

That know themselves unworthy all,
Their hearts how prone to ill,
Unmeet that CHRIST therein should dwell ;
He knows and loves them still.

As when the lordly Roman prayed,
 “ I am not worthy, LORD,”
He smiled upon his trembling faith,
 And heard his humble word.

He said that little children were
 Types of humility ;
How humble, then, and meek of heart,
 His children ought to be.

No swelling pride, no thirst of praise,
 Their little hearts should move ;
But humble prayers in meekness poured,
 And deeds of lowly love :

Meek as the flower that grows unmarked
 Where man has never trod,
Where only angels watch her bloom
 Beneath the eye of GOD.

The Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.

*And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace,
be still. — St. Mark iv. 39.*

THE stormy wind has stirred the water,
Washing the shores of Galilee ;
The little vessel labours slowly,
Slowly over the heavy sea.

Angrier still the breaking billows
Fling their foam to the darkened sky ;
Over the winds and waters roaring
Comes the mariner's helpless cry.

One there is in that little vessel,
Slumb'ring over the troubled deep,
As if the loud wind only lulled Him,
The wave but rocked His quiet sleep.

Over the winds and waters breaking
Comes the mariner's fearful call
To the ears of That *Holy* Sleeper,
“Save us, LORD, or we perish all.”

O fearful men, and faithless hearted !
Wherefore tremble when He is near ?
He hath risen and chidden the tempest,
And the winds and the waters hear.

He hath spoken ; the waves lie quiet,
As still as a motionless pool ;
The winds are o'er them faintly sighing,
Like the breezes of evening cool.

Is not CHRIST with His people ever
When the storms of sorrow and sin
Break round us in this world of evil,
And our spirits grow faint within ?

O yes, we must not think, in trouble,
That our Master lieth asleep ;
For He guideth His chosen children
Safely over the stormy deep.

When like a tempest strong temptations
Compass us round with doubt and fear,
Faith shall come to the weary struggler,
Whispering sweetly, CHRIST is near.

The Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.

Let both grow together until the harvest. — St. Matt. xiii. 30.

THE waving fields of yellow corn
Grow ripe beneath the Autumn moon ;
We know the reaper's ready hand
Will cut the golden harvest soon.

And there are many bright green weeds
With spreading flowers of gaudy hue
That grow together with the grain ;
The reaper's hand shall cut them too.

Thus, even in CHRIST'S Own Church, we see
The bad are mingled with the good,
And men forsake their early vows
And do not live as Christians should ;

Yet the same sun is bright for all,
Earth's common gifts for all are poured ;
And so we deem that God forgets
The promise of His awful word.

But there shall come a harvest time,
When God's Own bands of Angels bright
Shall bind the golden sheaves for Heaven,
And fling the weeds to endless night.

Then not, O LORD, bad fruitless weeds,
Then not to fire eternal cast,
But bearing rich the fruits of life
Be all Thy Children found at last!

The Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as He is pure. — 1 St. John. iii. 3.

WE see the leaves fall withered from the trees,
And, year by year, the sweet flowers fade away,
They wither in the sharp Autumnal breeze ; —
Has man no higher, holier, hope than they ?

Frail as the gentle flower we see him die,
The bright eye closes, and the failing breath
Heaves not the lip with its accustomed sigh ; —
Hath he no hope, no comfort in his death ?

O yes, the fair leaves falling where we tread
Shall clothe the waving forest trees no more ;
But man shall rise immortal, from the dead,
Passing through death as through an open door —

An open door, through which faint glimpses come
Of the bright joys that blessed spirits find ;
For Holy Scripture says, our Heavenly Home
Is fairer far than all we leave behind.

If then the Christian's hope so glorious be,
Should not the Christian purify his heart
To fit him for that Angel company
Wherewith he hopes hereafter to have part ?

And more than Angels holy, pure, and high,
There's One Who left for us those realms of bliss,
Who won our places in that glorious sky,
And said our hearts must be made pure like His.

And in that Heaven His children hold of Him,
Himself shall to His faithful Saints be near,
Then let not our high hope grow faint and dim
But let us follow in His footsteps here.

Septuagesima Sunday.

So run that ye may obtain.—1 Cor. ix. 24.

STILL brightly falls the southern sun
On many a lone and silent shore,
Where in the pride of her first days
Greece held her games of yore,
When all her sons with bounding hearts
Thronged gaily to the festal place,
And eager champions met in strife,
Or ran the weary race.

Long trained, long nurtured, disciplined
By toil severe, and fast, and pain,
They deemed all labour light, to stand
First of that chosen train ;
And when the dangerous strife was o'er,
And when the weary race was run,
One little crown of bright green leaves
Was all the conqueror won.

Fair Greece, round thy forsaken shrines
No more thy smiling daughters sing
Their victor hymns, who bravely strove
Within thy glorious ring ;
But Christians have a race to run,
A sterner harder strife to win,
Their race is for a heavenly crown,
Their struggle is with sin.

Shall they not toil, and fast, and pray,
And be as firm of heart as these
Poor heathen men, who toiled of old,
Denying idle ease ?
The parsley leaf grows near the ground
Those Grecian victors thought so fair,
But angel hands shall twine the crown
That Christian conquerors wear.

Then let us up, and bravely strive,
Nor of the heathen scorn to learn
How best with toil, and pain, and care,
Our glorious prize to earn.
The crown we seek is not like theirs,
A fading wreath that none may share,
Imperishable are its leaves,
And all may win and wear.

Sexagesima Sunday.

The seed is the Word of GOD. — St. Luke viii. 2.

WHEN all the solemn Church within
Is hushed for morning prayer,
How many different hearts and ears
Assembled, listen there !

The Pastor speaks the Word of GOD,
He speaketh it to all,
Like sower good, whose precious seed
In many a place doth fall.

Some hear it with a soul so light,
So careless, and so vain,
The evil one soon takes away
The good they seemed to gain.

Some have such faithless hearts, and cold,
So little love they feel,
A taunt, a sneer, a passing pain,
Can wither all their zeal.

And some with worldly care, or joy,
 With riches, pleasure, need,
Have so filled up their poor low thought,
 They choke the precious seed.

And is it thus CHRIST'S children dear,
 Born in His Church anew,
Should listen to His Holy Word,
 And nothing feel or do ?

Oh no, there was some fertile ground
 Whereon the good seed fell,
And brought forth fair fruits manifold,
 And grew, and flourished well.

Thus ever may Thy children hear
 When Thy dread words are poured,
Thus fitly fall they on their ear,
 And in their hearts be stored ;

And bring forth fruits of holy deeds,
 Of gentle duteous love,
The precious fruits that Angels reap
 At last for heaven above.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

Charity never faileth. — 1 Cor. xiii. 8.

THE angels that in unity
Sing round God's throne above,
How must their spirits grieved be
If earthly broils perchance they see,
Brother with brother disagree,
No gentleness, no love!

The angry word given back again
With word of fiercer wrath,
The smile that mocks a brother's pain,
The selfish care, the proud disdain,
The envious thought that seeks to gain
More than another hath.

Oh how unmeet for such as we
Are loud contentions, wrath, and spite.
Who hope to dwell eternally
With never failing Charity,
Where Hope shall be reality,
And Faith be lost in sight.

One Man there was, Who could fulfil
 Love's perfect law from earliest youth,
The kind of heart, the meek of will,
Enduring, bearing, suffering still,
Rejoicing not in other's ill,
 But joying in the truth.

Then let us love, and watch ; and pray
 That like to His be every heart ;
Still looking for the glorious day
Of love's immortal, boundless sway,
Which dimly now and far away
 We only see in part.

Ash Wednesday.

Turn ye even to Me, saith The LORD. — Joel ii. 12.

SWEET is the morning's rosy prime,
And bright the golden hours of noon,
But there must come a twilight time,
A time that hath nor sun, nor moon.

Good gifts to us our GOD has given ;
With bounding heart and lifted eye
Man walks beneath a smiling heaven,
And praises loud The LORD on high.

But there are times when he must go
And kneel within his room alone,
And tell, in penitence and woe,
The evil deeds that he hath done ;

For wrong will oftentimes conquer right,
Our holiest deeds are stained with sin,
Like flowers that bloom all fair and bright
But have a canker worm within.

And there are times when church bells call
 To bitter penitential thought,
And bid whole nations prostrate fall,
 Lamenting what their sins have wrought.

We, from our primal state of sin
 By CHRIST'S own cleansing blood set free,
We have not always loved, nor been
 As holy as we ought to be.

To all of us GOD speaketh now, —
 Rise, Christian children, come away,
Repent your early broken vow,
 Come, mourn for all your sins to-day.

The First Sunday in Lent.

*And when He had fasted forty days and forty nights, He was afterwards
an hungered.* — St. Matt. iv. 2.

It is a time for prayer and penitence,
When men stand still, and think upon their sin,
And ask of God, with tears and abstinence,
To wash away the stain that lies within,

Mindful of Him, Who, in the wilderness,
Long forty days in fast and sorrow spent,
Dwelling alone in peril and distress,
Showing how sin demandeth punishment.

And even young children, fresh as is the flower
Just opening in the early morning dew,
O'er their unfolding hearts hath sin had power,
And they have need to ask forgiveness too.

They have not kept the vows their Sureties said,
Proud, angry, words upon their lips have dwelt,
They have not followed where their Captain led,
Bad thoughts and wrong desires their hearts have
felt.

Therefore these days of Lent are set apart
That we may think on sins that we have done,
And telling them to God, with contrite heart,
Ask pardon in The Name of His Dear SON.

The Second Sunday in Lent.

— not — even as the Gentiles which know not GOD.—

1 Thess. iv. 5.

THERE'S many a sunny island
Far o'er the wide salt sea,
With fertile vale and highland,
And golden fruited tree,

Where the poor heathen gathers
His dark browed children dear,
And they worship with their fathers
The gods that cannot hear.

No peaceful church bells ringing
Have ever lingered there,
No voice of choral singing
Has filled that fragrant air ;

But words of strife and anger
Fall on their infant ears,
And deeds of sin and danger
Shall mark their future years.

Above your English dwelling
Rises the old church tower,
Ye hear the sweet bells swelling
At morn, and evening hour ;

Ye know of One, so lowly,
Who for your sakes came down ;
Who told you to be holy,
And won for you a crown.

If ye, thus blest and gifted,
Forego your happy state,
If your young hearts be lifted
With pride, and wrath, and hate,

In wilful darkness staying ;
Far worse are ye than they,
Those heathen children, straying
In the islands far away.

From this world's sin and dangers
LORD keep Thine own lambs fast ;
And the little heathen strangers,
O bring them home at last.

The Third Sunday in Lent.

And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished. —

St. Luke xi. 25.

THE birds and bees that, to and fro,
Through the sweet air in summer go,
 Are busy all and each ;
By waving tree and shady nook
Fair Nature spreads her open book ;
Come forth and gather, as ye look,
 The truths she loves to teach.

The wild bees through the forest fly ;
With busy hum and laden thigh
 They visit all the flowers ;
The little birds that soar and sing,
They labour with unwearied wing,
Making their curious nests in spring ;
 They have no idle hours.

All good, all active, nought in vain,
Her beasts and birds and insect train
 Toil out their little day ;

Wherever the hot sunbeam darts,
There's busy life in all her parts ;—
Are children's hands and children's hearts
More useless things than they ?

We know, when once the evil one
From out one idle man had gone,
He came again to see ;
No busy guard the chamber kept ;
He found it empty, garnished, swept ;
Again into that heart he crept
With seven worse than he.

For idle hands are fittest still
For deeds of mischief and of ill,
And time flies fast away ;
Ye must not waste its precious store,
Who in your early childhood swore
To work CHRIST'S Will for evermore
Until His Judgment Day.

A heavy woe was doomed for him,
Who left his talent mouldering dim
In rust and idleness ;
Ye have your precious talents too ;
Then boldly rise, and bravely do,
Be patient, diligent, and true,
And CHRIST your work shall bless.

The Fourth Sunday in Lent.

Moreover Joseph kissed all his Brethren, and wept upon them. — Gen. xlv. 15.

IF hasty hand or bitter tongue
Have ever done you causeless wrong
 By evil deed or word,
Have no bad thought your heart within,
For malice is a deadly sin
 And hateful to the LORD.

Be yours such thought as Joseph felt,
When all his haughty brethren knelt,
 As visioned dreams foretold,
And found, in that Egyptian Lord,
The Brother whom their hearts abhorred,
 The slave whom they had sold ;

Then not a tear, but such as pour
When hearts with love and joy run o'er,
 Then not an angry word he gave,
But said " My brothers, weep no more ;
'Twas GOD who sent me on before
 Your dearer lives to save."

A twofold power Forgiveness hath,
She softens hearts, she tempers wrath,
 And she is ever strong
To call a blessing down from heaven ;
CHRIST said, “ If ye would be forgiven,
 Forgive your brother’s wrong.”

The Fifth Sunday in Lent.

Abraham is dead, and the Prophets, and Thou sayest, "If a man keep My saying, he shall never taste of death." — St. John viii. 52.

No longer dwells on Mamre's plain
The faithful Father loved of God,
Nor sees the setting sunbeam stain
With purple hues Moriah's sod ;

From Horeb's height, from Carmel's hill,
The Prophets of The LORD are fled ;
By Jordan's wave and Cherith's rill,
Their voice is silent ; are they dead ?

Does Moses lie mid Moab's stones ?
Does old Machpelah's cavern lone
Hold yet the Patriarch's mouldering bones ?
And whither is Elijah gone ?

We cannot answer ; earth with earth
Long since has mingled in decay ;
But they, who knew a second birth,
We know they live, shall live for aye.

The dust, that lies beneath our tread,
Shall stir again the valley's clod ;
And now CHRIST'S Ransomed are not dead,
They live to us, they live to GOD.

He triumphed o'er all conquering death,
Who was, ere' Abraham, throned on high ;
And, though we yield this mortal breath,
Who keep HIS words shall never die.

The Sunday next before Easter.

And many spread their garments in the way, and others cut down branches off the trees, and strawed them in the way.—St. Mark xi. 8.

COME strew your garments in the way,
Your wreaths of palm triumphant bring ;
Fling wide thy gate, Jerusalem,
And welcome loud thy lowly King ;
 He comes, Whom Prophets sang of old,
 Meek riding, as their lays foretold.

But palms are for the conqueror
In triumph's hour to deck his brow ;
He comes to shame, He comes to death,
For Whom ye strew those branches now ;
 He comes to bear the Hebrew's scorn,
 The Gentile's scourge, and hail, and thorn.

Yet bring the palm ; for, by that pain,
A deed most glorious shall be done ;
And when That Willing Victim bleeds,
A world's Redemption shall be won ;
 Tear off the robe and fling the leaf,
 Meet homage to your conquering Chief.

Perchance, amid those lips that pour
Hosannas pealing to the sky,
Some soon shall join the maddening shout
That said to Pilate, "Let Him die;"
 Shall imprecate the judgement dread,
 "On us, His Blood be visited."

And there are Christian hearts like these,
Who often in CHRIST's temple meet,
And sing His praise in awful strain,
And cast their offerings at His feet,
 Yet neither faith nor duty bring,
 And will not have Him for their King.

Lord, when Thy little children come
To worship at Thy glorious throne,
To praise their own Victorious King;
Oh! let their thoughts and words be one;
 And make them live in faith and love,
 And bear, hereafter, palms above.

Good Friday.

And He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.— St. John xix. 30.

How would your little hearts be pained,
What grief would fill your eye,
If father loved, or mother kind,
Or brother dear, should die ;

And, when their spirits passed away,
If cruel pains they bore,
And died in lingering agony ;
Would you not weep them more ?

To-day died One, Who loved you more
Than even the fondest breast
That ever soothed your infant cares,
Or cradled you to rest ;

And, oh ! as He hung lingering through
Those hours so slow and long,
Your thoughts have never pictured pain
So fierce, and deep, and strong.

'Tis meet repentant prayers should rise,
'Tis meet our tears should flow
For sins that cost such precious price,
That brought such bitter woe.

But not, like other's, without hope,
The Christian's saddest grief ;
For faith looks smiling through his tears,
And points the sure relief.

She tells how joy, and triumph high,
And sure salvation came,
Even by that bitter agony,
And in that death of shame ;

She tells how death was conquered then,
How sin no more has power
O'er them, redeemed and cleansed by Him
Who died in that dread hour ;

And therefore, mindful of the joys
Won by that outpoured blood,
Still have we hope in penitence,
Still call we this day good.

Easter Even.

And laid it in his own new tomb. — St. Matt. xxvii. 60.

PAIN and toil are over now,
Bring the spice and bring the myrrh,
Fold the limb and bind the brow
In the rich man's sepulchre ;
Far within the garden gloom
Leave Him in His new made tomb.

Sin has bruised The Victor's heel ;
Roll the stone and guard it well,
Bring the Roman's dreaded seal,
Bring his stanchest sentinel,
Death and Hell shall hold their prey
Only till tomorrow's ray.

Doubt ye that corruption cold
Hath not power to chain her GOD ;
That the chill grave cannot hold
Him beneath its silent sod ;
That, with heavy measured tread,
Thus ye watch the buried dead ?

Yea, with morning's purple ray,
Baffled warriors, in your sight
Shall the stone be rolled away ;
And bright Angels, robed in white,
Sit in Joseph's burial cave,
In the SAVIOUR's three days' grave.

We, till lights the Easter Heaven,
With a holier purpose come,
Watching all this solemn even
By Our SAVIOUR's lowly tomb,
Thinking we were buried too,
We must live with Him anew.

In the fresh Baptismal tide
In our early childhood dim,
When our evil nature died,
We were buried deep with Him ;
We must live like men new born,
Waiting for a brighter morn.

Easter Day.

CHRIST, *being risen from the dead, dieth no more.* — Rom. vi. 9.

HE is risen, He is risen,
Tell it with a joyful voice,
He has burst His three day's prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice ;
Death is conquered, man is free,
CHRIST has won the victory.

Tell it to the sinners, weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping,
Brightly breaks their Easter sun ;
Blood can wash all sins away,
CHRIST has conquered hell to-day.

Come, ye sad and fearful hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow ;
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All His woes are over now,
And the Passion that He bore ;
Sin and pain can vex no more.

Come, with high and holy hymning
Chant our LORD's triumphant lay ;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray
Breaking o'er the purple East ;
Brighter far our Easter feast.

He is risen, He is risen,
He has oped the eternal gate ;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state,
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

The First Sunday after Easter.

*And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our
faith.—1 John v. 4.*

WAR'S crimson banner floats in air,
The steed impatient paws the ground,
Bright lance and plume are flashing fair,
And echoes far the trumpet sound ;

A thousand warriors hear the call,
They couch the lance, they grasp the shield,
In measured pace together all
They hasten to the glorious field.

We, too, are many, hastening on
Beneath one banner beaming bright ;
The Captain of our host is gone
Before His soldiers to the fight ;

We bear His sign upon our brow,
We hold His armour in our hand,
Bound, by our earliest uttered vow,
True soldiers of His chosen band.

Our foes are round us every day ;
The world with her deceitful smiles,
Our bad hearts leading us astray,
And Satan, with his thousand wiles ;

But He, who stemmed them all of yore,
Who conquered sin, and death, and hell,
He holds the Victor's crown before,
And bids His warriors fight as well ;

He bids us watch our hearts within,
When passion rises, wrath, and pride ;
And fight against the thought of sin,
And put the evil wish aside.

Earth marshals forth her warlike powers
With clash of arms and trumpet's tone ;
A stiller holier strife is ours,
Where prayer and praise are heard alone ;

But Angels watch the holy throng,
CHRIST'S red-cross banner waves on high,
And heavenly crown and Seraph's song
Reward the Christian's victory.

The Second Sunday after Easter.

Balaam saw that it pleased The LORD to bless Israel. —
Numb. xxiv. 1.

THE Seer stood by his seven shrines ;
He looked from Peor's mountain grey ;
All Israel's tents, like silver lines,
Beneath him in the valley lay ;

He saw Jeshimon's breeze unfold
Their twelve broad banners waving free ;
And Moab's monarch showed his gold,
And said, "Oh ! Balaam, curse them me."

A mightier impulse fills his breast,
A deeper power impels his thought,—
"How can I curse whom God has blest?
Or speak, but what the LORD has taught?"

"Like fertile valleys watered wide,
Like cedar trees in fragrant row,
Like gardens by the river side,
Thy goodly tents, O Israel, show.

“ Thy glorious tide shall still flow on,
Thy seed by many waves shall lie ;
When Agag’s past, when Edom’s gone,
Thy throne shall be exalted high.

“ From fertile Egypt’s dewless plain,
Through rolling seas GOD made thy path ;
Thy haughty foes opposed in vain,
He slew the nations in His wrath.

“ Like lion, in the wilderness
That coucheth down, thy strength shall be ;
And blessed shall be they who bless,
And cursed he that curseth thee.”

So spake of old the prophet sire,
Moved by that Impulse none may quell,
When, spite of lust and strong desire,
He blest GOD’s favoured Israel.

And thus CHRIST’s Church is ever blest,
And thus His power still guards His saints,
Though oft by cruel scorn opprest,
Till hearts are sad, and courage faints.

The Power that poured, by Pisgah’s stone,
Blessing for curses, good for ill,
That mighty Power still keeps His Own,
GOD’s chosen sons are blessed still.

The Third Sunday after Easter.

I beseech you as strangers, and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts. —

1 Pet. ii. 11.

THROUGH many a far and foreign land,
With weary feet, and garment rent,
And sandal laced, and staff in hand,
The home-bound pilgrim went;

He passed by many a garden fair,
He looked on many a lordly dome,
But ever whispered, passing there,
“I seek my Father’s home.”

He lingered not where thousand charms
Wooed him from bank and sunny bower;
He turned not back when night’s alarms
Did all around him lour;

Yet gratefully he plucked some flowers
That blossomed brightly at his feet,
He knew, to cheer his travel hours,
That God had made them meet;

And when sharp thorns before him lay,
And rugged was the narrow road,
He did not seek another way,
 But bravely onward strode.

Children, all Christians here on earth,
Where'er their weary footsteps roam,
Whate'er their place, or state, or birth,
 Are pilgrims going home.

The world shall tempt with vain delight,
Shall try them with contempt and scorn,
They must not think her flowers too bright,
 Nor tremble at her thorn.

If doing right seem hard and stern,
They must not shrink and turn away,
But take their Master's cross, and learn
 To bear it, day by day.

Thus praising God for all things sweet
And bright, that He on earth has given,
With watchful prayer their pilgrim feet
 Must hasten on to heaven.

The Fourth Sunday after Easter.

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children. — Deut. vi. 7.

OH! say not that truth is too solemn and deep
And awful for infancy's hour ;
The sunshine looks down and the soft dewdrops
weep
For the rose bud as well as the flower.
We may bend, we may train the young sapling at
will ;
The broad oak, that waves on the wood-covered hill,
Shall mock all our efforts and baffle our skill ;
And thus with the young we have power.

While the heart is yet soft, and the dew of his birth
On the brow of the Christian is bright,
Ere the strifes of the world or the follies of earth
Efface it, or darken its light,
We would lead your young hearts to the hopes that
are sure,
We would show you the pleasures that ever endure,
Would point out the paths that are pleasant and pure,
And teach you to tread them aright.

For the hopes that ye hold, and the truths that ye
learn,
Ere your foot in the wilderness strays,
Still fresh in the evening of age shall return
With a power to chide or to raise ;
As hard-hearted men have been melted to tears,
Though darkness and crime had hung o'er them for
years,
When their own mother's song has come back to their
ears,
Recalling their innocent days.

Your childhood, in age should be sweet to recall,
Like ruins, all hoary and grey,
Whose ivied recesses still echo the fall
Of sweet music heard far away ;
And thus should each childish remembrance be fair,
Of sweet church bells ringing, and praises, and prayer,
And deep voices mingling in melody there,
And young lips repeating their lay.

So mindful of Him, to Whom children are dear,
We bring you to kneel at his shrine ;
We teach you His Words, and we pour on the ear
Of your childhood things high and divine ;
That the hope and the faith of your earliest year,
In the fervour of youth like a shield may be near,
Through the toils of your manhood may strengthen
and cheer,
And brighten your age's decline.

The Fifth Sunday after Easter.

Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only. — Jas. i. 22.

THERE'S many a tree grows broad and green
Within the cultured garden ground,
But, when the master looks thereon,
No precious fruit is found.

There's many a child who comes to Church,
In prayer and praise who takes his part,
And yet the holy words he hears
Have never touched his heart ;

They only fall upon his ear,
His thoughts are wandering far away,
And, when he bends the lowly knee,
'Tis but his lips that pray.

Not thus, not thus, CHRIST'S children dear
Should idly mock His Holy Word,
For they, who heed not His commands,
Had better ne'er have heard ;

And what avails the moving lip,
The bended knee His House within,
If still our hearts be dark and cold,
If all our thoughts are sin ?

This is not pure religion ; he
Alone is blessed in his deed,
In whom good fruits of holiness
Spring from the precious seed ;

Whose gentle heart, for others moved,
O'erflows in deeds of pitying love,
Whose tender spirit shrinks from sin,
And seeks the things above.

Ascension Day.

He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. —

Acts i. 9.

HIGH peals to day the Angel's strain,
Heaven's azure gates are open wide,
The SON of GOD returns again
In Glory to His Father's side,
Afar from strife, and sin, and pain,
For ever to abide.

From hamlet lone, from busy town,
Come sing your LORD to glory gone ;
He leaves the cross, He wears the crown,
He sitteth by His Father's throne,
There loveth still, and looketh down,
And pleadeth for His own.

For not the cloud, so darkly bright,
That veiled Him from th' Apostle's eyes,
That still shuts out from mortal sight
His place beyond our bounded skies,
Can dim, in Christian hearts, the light
His Presence still supplies.

In many a rite Himself has given,
In Sacrament and prayer, full well
We know, Our LORD, gone back to Heaven,
Unseen doth with His people dwell ;
And once more shall the clouds be riven,
And CHRIST be visible.

Then let us lift our hearts on high,
Where CHRIST our LORD is gone before ;
In deeds of faith, and charity,
And hopes that Heavenward soar,
To our ascended LORD draw nigh,
And love Him more and more.

The Sunday after Ascension Day.

But in the place which The LORD shall choose, ——— there shalt thou offer thy burnt offerings, and there thou shalt do all that I command thee. — Deut. xii. 14.

I LOVE our hamlet's lowly church,
Its ivied tower and open door,
The suns of hundred years have stained
Its rugged roof and turret hoar.

Here duly came our sires of old ;
They trod the pavement's echoing stones,
They knelt within these holy walls,
That shadow now their mouldering bones.

And hither shall our footsteps turn,
To lift the heart, to bend the knee,
With all our Christian brethren round,
Strong in our holy unity.

Here, in the words our fathers loved,
The wonted prayers swell clear and sweet,
And here CHRIST's chosen shepherd leads
His faithful flock in pastures meet.

I will not stray, nor turn aside
To other place for praise and prayer ;
The very soldiers, rude and stern,
CHRIST'S seamless garment would not tear.

Shall Christian hands be more unkind ?
Shall they CHRIST'S Holy Church divide,
And scorn His chosen ministers,
And cast His holy rites aside ?

No, I will tread the ancient paths,
Pray the dear prayers my fathers prayed,
Here was I early born anew,
Here would I have mine ashes laid.

One great united family,
Part lingering here, part pass'd above,
Is CHRIST'S true Church ; and one should be
Her children's voice, their faith, their love.

Whit Sunday.

And they were all filled with the HOLY GHOST. — Acts ii. 4.

THERE was a little lowly upper room
Within the walls of proud Jerusalem,
Where met a few poor men in grief and gloom,
Talking of Him who once had walked with
them.

There came a sound as of a rushing wind
And filled up all the place where they were met,
And flaming figures of unwonted kind
Like tongues of fire upon each brow were set.

That was the promise of the FATHER, come
To them who waited, mourning for their LORD,
And the closed lips that were so dead and dumb,
Are loosed at once to speak His precious Word.

Then all the strangers from afar, who came
From Asian shores, from Europe's fairer strands,
From Afric's deserts, wondering heard His Name
In the dear language of their native lands.

Not now in form distinct of flaming light
Comes that Great SPIRIT on our earth to dwell,
But, like the strong wind whispering at night,
Its mighty impulse is invisible.

Yet, to the lowly and obedient heart,
In gentleness and might Its Breath shall come,
Bidding the Christian choose the better part,
Stirring with thought of His eternal home.

Oh! LORD ascended! from Thy Glory's throne,
On Thy baptized children kneeling lowly,
Look down in mercy! we were made Thine own;
Give our poor hearts Thy SPIRIT strong and
holy.

Trinity Sunday.

We worship One GOD in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity.—
Athanasius. Creed.

ALL coldly round our quiet homes
We hear the wind in winter blow,
We see not whence the roamer comes,
His onward path we do not know ;

And, when the winter passes by,
The bright green leaves come back in Spring,
We see not how, we know not why ;
There's mystery in every thing.

If then the flowers beneath his feet
Man's feeble ken can scarce descry,
How vainly would he strive to mete
The awful things of GOD Most High !

The Babe sits on his Mother's knee,
Bends on her lip his eye of blue,
And, whatso'er her tale may be,
His trusting spirit holds it true.

Thus ever meek, confiding still,
Men must be children all their days ;
Nor GOD will scorn when children thrill
With solemn lip His mystic lays.

Then let our Father's honoured creed
In measured cadence fully pour,
And hold we fast, in word and deed,
The faith they kept so clear of yore.

With thrilling heart, and bending knee,
Sing we, with yonder Heavenly Host,
Praise to Th' Eternal TRINITY,
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

The First Sunday after Trinity.

*Son, remember that thou, in thy lifetime, receivedst thy good things,
and likewise Lazarus evil things. — Luke xvi. 25.*

SHAME on our false misjudging hearts !

Through all the world whom call we blest ?

The rich, the high, the powerful,

The man of many goods possess.

With envious thought, with raptured eye,

We mark the great man's high estate,

His pomp, his wealth, his lordly train,

And wish ourselves as splendid fate.

We look upon the poor man's needs,

His pinching cares, his lot obscure,

And almost wonder GOD should make

Unequal thus the rich and poor,

Because we deem this life is all,

That dazzles to the eyes of men ;

But, could we lift th' eternal veil,

How vain were gold and glories then !

There was a rich man, CHRIST has said,
In purple clothed and linen fine,
Whose board was sumptuously spread
With costly meats and sparkling wine ;
And he had all that this world gives,
But had no heart to give away ;
The lowly beggar in his rags
Without his gate unheeded lay.

The very dogs, more pitiful,
Came round to lick that poor man's sore ;
He only asked the crumbs that fell,
From that rich board, and got no more.
They died, the rich man and the poor ;
How different, then, their after state !
To Abraham's bosom Angels bore
The poor man lone and desolate ;

The rich man lifted up his eyes,
Far down in hell to torments driven ;
He saw the beggar far away
Within the golden gates of Heaven.
Oh ! envy not the rich, the great,
Nor wish your lowlier lot like theirs,
For strong temptations wait on wealth,
Who much possess have many cares.

But ask we all of GOD Most High,
Both rich and poor together bent,

To make His high ones poor of heart,
 To make His lowly sons content ;
That all His gifts for Him be used,
 And still His Holy Church give praise,
With liberal hands and lowly hearts
 Fulfilling well her earthly days.

The Second Sunday after Trinity.

The LORD made me have dominion over the mighty. — Judges v. 13.

FORTH looked the Mother from her lattice high ;
To Judah's valleys turned her proud dark eye ; —
“ Why do his chariot wheels delay so long ?
“ Why tarries thus the valiant and the strong ?

“ Have they not sped ? have they not won the day ?
“ To every man hath been a glorious prey ;
“ The gorgeous work by Syrian maidens planned,
“ And fair young slaves the brightest in the land ;

“ Sure he will deck his loved ones with the spoil.” —
In vain she looketh toward that favoured soil ;
With shout and song, in peace returning home,
He cometh not ; nor e'er again shall come.

Far, far away, within the Kenite's tent,
His brow is pierced, his stately head is bent ;
Where Kishon's ancient waters hurry by,
On Taanach's plains, his trampled warriors lie ;

For Israel's GOD hath led the glorious fight,
Abinoam's son has conquered in His might,
And she, who sat by Bethel's judgment tree,
Has risen to chant the song of victory.

One woman, dwelling in her tent alone,
In The LORD's Name has slain the mighty one ;
She heard the cry of battle on the blast,
She stayed the flying Chieftain as he past.

Then say not, here on earth are feeble things
Too weak and mean to serve The King of Kings ;
The shallow stream, scarce noticed in its course,
Feeds the broad lake and swells the torrent's force.

Prayers of the poor and lowly, heard above,
Hang, like a charm, around The Church we love ;
And sighs prevail, and simple words have power,
More than we think, when foes like tempests lour.

The lowliest child That Holy Church within,
Hath his own work to do, his fight to win,
To watch, to pray, to keep his own young heart ;
GOD giveth strength for each appointed part.

The Third Sunday after Trinity.

Be sober, be vigilant, for your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.—1 Pet. v. 8.

THE shadows on the desert lay,
By clustering palm trees made;
There stood a little Afric hut
Within their crested shade.

All night the hunter watched his home
With fire, and ready spear,
Because the lion of the plain
Was ever roaming near.

And still, when moonlight shadows fell
Along the desert dread,
He deemed he saw his large red eye,
And heard his stealthy tread;

And still his howl was on the blast
That waved the palm trees high;
The weary watcher might not sleep,
Nor let his bright fire die.

Around our quiet Christian homes
A cruel lion stalks,
More fearful far ; he dogs our ways,
And haunts our daily walks.

Could our eyes see that evil one,
How would we start, and cower,
To mark him watching our poor souls,
Still ready to devour ;

Still pouring in the evil thought,
Still rousing wrath and pride,
And painting bright, earth vanities,
Till Heaven is scarce descried.

But we have spiritual arms
To strive against his might ;
We have a holy fire within,
GOD'S SPIRIT pure and bright.

We must not let our armour rust,
Nor let our fire decay ;
Our foot is ever on the watch,
Our fight is every day ;

But strong in faith, and vigilant
O'er word and deed and thought,
Our watchful souls must struggle on
Till the good fight be fought.

The Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye? — St. Luke vi. 41.

WE walk together side by side,
Within one hamlet we abide,
And play beneath the same green tree ;
Along the self same path we roam,
The like temptations round us come,
And all are pilgrims hasting home
Where CHRIST our LORD shall ever be.

We must not linger in the race
To look into each other's face,
And count the sins our brothers do,
And tell them oe'r, as though we found
A pleasure in the grievous sound,
As tho' our own hands were not bound,
And we had nothing bad to rue.

Each has his own appointed part,
To watch the sins of his own heart,
To keep his bridal garment bright,

The beam is dark in his own eye,
He must not scan too curiously
The little motes that dimly lie
 And darken less his brother's light.

It is a sad unlovely sight,
When little children take delight
 To tell a comrade's evil deed ;
Far better would they look within
And find out their own hidden sin,
And then in penitence begin
 In truth the better life to lead.

For, when our trial time is done,
All for themselves, and each alone,
 Must stand before the judgment seat ;
Then let us not with thought unkind
Delight another's fault to find,
The self-accusing humble mind
 For sinful man is far more meet.

The Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

Be courteous.—1 Pet. iii. 8.

There are no little things on earth,
There's nought beneath the Christian's care,
No virtuous deeds of little worth ;
The flower, upon the mountain bare,
Where never came admiring eye,
The LORD has carved as curiously,
Has stained it with as gorgeous dye,
As though a thousand looks were there.

Deem not the simple charms, that dwell
In gentle tone and smiling face,
The courtesy, that flings a spell
Of winning love and quiet grace
O'er common deeds in silence wrought,
Beneath the Christian's careful thought ;
Another love Our LORD has taught,
Adorning many a secret place.

Upon the lonely mountain height
He bids His fair young blossoms swell,
For fragrance all and beauty bright
Forth bursting from each dark green shell ;

And shall no flowers of courtesie
Within our lowly hamlets be,
To brighten with their fragrance free
The homes where poor men dwell?

Oh! yes, the temple stones of old
Admiring glances ever drew,
All fair and beauteous to behold,
Ranged in their polished order due;
And lovely deeds beseem us all,
The stones in CHRIST'S own temple wall,
And nought is trivial, nought is small,
That we, for His Great Name, can do.

The Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

And whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council, but whosoever shall say "Thou Fool," shall be in danger of hell fire."— St. Matt. v. 22.

Go strike the sounding harp aright,
Melodious strains shall fill thine ear ;
Go speak the words of love and light,
And sweet shall be thy speech to hear.

But if rude hand should sweep the chords,
For gentle strains shall discord be ;
And angry speech, and spiteful words,
Mar all the spirit's harmony.

The tongue, it is a little thing,
But, oh ! how much of sin and wrong
Does that small member round us fling !
The harsh reproof, too stern and strong,

The bitter name, the careless speech,—
Alas ! we pour them every where,
Nor think that to high Heaven they reach,
And The Great God records them there.

The large ship sailing o'er the deep,
The hand of man can turn its course ;
His own rude tongue he cannot keep,
He will not check or tame its force.

Watch well thy lips ; as waters leap
From a full source, their accents fall ;
Watch well thy heart, the fountain deep
Whence spring thy words and actions all.

If sinful anger, unforgot,
Bring to thy lips the answer keen,
Oh ! Christian, pause, and speak it not,
And love shall make thy bosom clean.

If coward fear or treachery
Would clothe thy lip with specious art,
Remember, ere thou speak the lie,
God knows the secrets of the heart ;

And time hastes on the fleeting hours
Till CHRIST Our LORD come back again ;
We know each thought and deed of ours,
And *word*, shall be recorded then.

The Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

Nay but I will surely buy it of thee at a price; neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the LORD my GOD of that which doth cost me nothing.—2 Sam. xxiv. 24.

WHEN Israel's Monarch stood of yore
Beside Araunah's threshing floor,
And when the princely subject twice
Refused the Monarch's proffered price,
 And freely would have given
Oxen and wood, in sacrifice
 Unto The GOD of Heaven,

The Princely Penitent forbore
The generous donor's offered store,
Though kinglike to a king preferred;
He turned aside with gentle word,
 And forth his fifty shekels brought;
He would not offer to The LORD
 Of that which cost him nought.

Our love is not like theirs of old,
Our hands are closed, our hearts are cold,
A little time, a little thought,

That brings no loss, that costs us nought,
A little gold in offering
To Him, Who our full safety wrought,
Is all the gift we bring.

Oh! not with things of smallest worth
Should Christians serve The LORD on earth :
CHRIST said, " Your daily crosses take,
Bear pain, use trouble for My sake,
Deny yourselves for Me,
Remembering all I bore to make
Your sinful spirits free."

If wealth, so perilous to hold,
Be yours, give freely of your gold ;
Not the poor pittance pleasure spares
From luxury's ideal cares ;
Nor let the poor and low
Deem, he with his rich brother shares
Nought fitting to bestow.

Give GOD that first best sacrifice,
An humbled heart's repentant sighs ;
Give Him some hours, that else were spent
In sleep or sloth or merriment,
For prayer and holy deed ;
The praises of a heart content
With all by Him decreed.

God looketh on our inward life,
He knows the cost, He sees the strife ;
Alike accepted, in His sight,
The rich man's thousand talents bright
 Given all in quiet lowliness,
And the poor Widow's lonely mite
 Saved from her hard distress.

The Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

Heirs of GOD, and joint heirs with CHRIST. — Rom. viii. 17.

OF late, from London's turret hoar,
Glad tidings filled the winter morn,
The Monarch's trial time was o'er,
The heir of all the realm was born.

To city vast, to hamlet shade,
Went forth the voice of general joy,
And not a British heart but prayed
For blessings on the princely Boy.

A day of gladness, and of smiles ; —
And meet it was, that such should be,
Through all his birthright of fair Isles,
Encompassed by their subject sea.

There is a heritage more fair
Than merry England's royal sway,
And it hath many a new born heir, —
Why heed we not their natal day ?

In all our village Churches lone,
With mystic words of faith and love,
By many a font of old grey stone,
Those heirs are born of Heaven above ;

And white-winged Angels hover o'er,
For crimson banners floating fair ;
And for the cannon's joyous roar,
Are uttered vow and whispered prayer.

Yea, we ourselves are born anew,
Heirs of a glorious crown, more bright
Than ever earthly Monarch knew
His own by old ancestral right.

Then still as year by year we view
Expanding fair that royal flower,
Ours is a future kingdom too,
A higher sway, a holier power.

And for his Queenly Mother's sake,
And for the loyal love we bear,
The tear shall fall, the heart shall break,
When his young brows the circlet wear ;

But not a sigh, and not a tear,
Shall rend the heart or dim the face,
When all CHRIST'S ransomed children dear
Inherit their eternal place.

Then pray we all, for us, for him,
The trust of England's after day ;
That earth's gay dreams, her visions dim,
Exclude not Heaven's more perfect ray ;

But, to Our FATHER's promised home,
The kingly crown, the robe washed white,
The Peasant and the Prince may come,
All heirs of everlasting light.

The Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

Now these things were our examples, to the intent we should not lust after evil things, as they also lusted.—1 Cor. x. 6.

STILL year by year, on hill and plain,
The flowers in Spring as brightly blow
As if no wind had laid them low,
As if no winter's frost and snow
Upon their silent roots had lain.
Sweet types, in their new life, are they
Of mortal man's returning day ;
Like them he sleeps in short decay,
Like them he lives and blooms again.

Each bud that bursts, each flower that springs,
It hath a lesson of its own,
If we would only hear the tone
That breathes from hill and valley lone ;
And thus it is with holier things ;
Within their hidden meanings lie,
And thoughtful spirit may descry
Pure precept and example high
Beneath their mystic shadowings.

When Israel's hosts, beloved of GOD,
From Egypt sought the desert dread ;
By day the cloud before them sped,
By night the fiery pillar led ;
Unhurt the red sea depths they trod ;
He rained down bread from Heaven's blue height,
He bade the rock yield water bright,
Till promised Canaan met their sight
With blushing vine and fertile sod.

We seek a land of more delight
Than aught that promised Canaan gave ;
We have escaped from sin's dark grave,
Have passed the pure Baptismal wave ;
CHRIST leads us on by day and night,
The Bread, That feeds our weariness,
The Rock, That, in the wilderness,
Still gushes pure and free to bless
Our souls with spiritual might.

We must not be like Israel's band,
Who tempted GOD by deed and thought,
Who scorned the law His Prophet taught,
Who loathed the precious food he brought,
And wished again for Egypt's land ;
His Holy Faith they would not hold,
But loved the tales the Heathen told,
And made them idol Gods of gold,
Provoking His ALMIGHTY hand.

These things are our examples, given,
That we, who walk in brighter day,
May hold our faith more pure than they ;
Nor in this bad world go astray
To sin, by evil passions driven ;
Till He, whom type and lay foretold
In mystic signs and songs of old,
Shall lead us o'er life's dreary wold,
Safe to our happy home in Heaven.

The Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

And Ahab said to Elijah, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" —
1 Kings xxi. 20.

THE tears are in King Ahab's eyes,
His brow is dark with care,
Because the poor man's vineyard lies
So near his garden fair ;
He flings his purple mantle by,
Falls on his silken bed,
The Queen and all her dames draw nigh,
He turns away his head.

Not pomp, nor wealth, nor high degree,
True happiness impart ;
She dwells with peace and charity
Within the holy heart.
There's envy in King Ahab's breast,
He's Lord of hill and plain,
He cannot sleep, he cannot rest,
For Naboth's poor domain.

And so, at that bad woman's word,
The just man's blood is shed,—
"Arise ; possess his land, my lord ;
The Jezreelite is dead."

He rides with pompous equipage,
The crown upon his brow,
To seize the poor man's heritage ;—
Is Ahab happy now ?

Oh ! no, that spot of envied ground
God's Prophet stands within ;
Behold, his enemy hath found
The slayer in his sin ;
He speaks the bitter doom of Heaven ;
Where now the Monarch's pride ?
He turns away, his robe is riven,
His gems are cast aside.

Thus when our wandering feet have erred,
Through pride, or discontent,
Comes conscience, like the Prophet's word,
And speaks our punishment.
Oh ! happiest they who, early taught
Within CHRIST'S holy school,
Have learned to check the envious thought,
The bad desire to rule.

Joy came not when the Jewish king
His blood-won prize had bought ;

It never comes from earthly thing
Too hotly, wrongly, sought.
Then tread we our appointed path,
Pleased with what GOD has sent,
Not envying what another hath,
Still holy, still content.

The Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel. — 2 Kings v. 12.

HE, whom the leper's plague had made
So lonely in his state,
The Captain of the Syrian host,
Stood by Elisha's gate.

The Prophet's messenger has met
The Warrior, and his train, —
“Go wash in Jordan seven times,
Thy flesh shall come again.”

“What! will he lay no hand on me,
Nor call his GOD to save?
Hath not Damascus streams as clear
As Jordan's boasted wave?”

“Is not Abana's stream as bright,
And Pharpar's fount as pure?” —
He turns in anger from the door,
He scorns the simple cure.

Alas ! man's heart is full of pride,
Of ignorance, and sin ;
He will not choose God's simple ways,
And humbly walk therein.

We have a stream more pure and clear
Than Jordan's silver tide,
The Blood of Him Who washed our sins,
And bore them when He died.

Our hearts are cold, our hearts are proud,
Contemning our own good ;
We do not love Him as we ought,
Nor serve Him as we should.

We think well of our own poor deeds,
We deem our own ways right,
To us Abana's waves are clear,
And Pharpar's waters bright.

'Twas well the warrior sought at last
That river's healthful shore ;
Thence, healed and cleansed, returned to bless
The Prophet from his store.

'Tis well when we, from sin's bad ways
And from earth's vain delight,
Turn to Our LORD in penitence,
And plead His Cleansing Might.

O CHRIST! Thy little children's robes
Have lost their first white hue,
LORD, wash them in Thy Cleansing Blood,
Each day Thy Grace renew!

The Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain.—St. Mark vii. 35.

WITHIN the quiet village street,
Where seldom ruder sound is heard
Than the quick tread of children's feet,
Or whistle clear or greeting word,

Where hangs, beneath yon cottage eaves,
White jessamine her silver bells,
And roses spread their broad red leaves
Through every month, the dumb boy dwells.

His rustic cheek is rosy red,
His eye is large, and bright, and mild,
The passers by stroke down his head,
And smiling say, "How fair a child."

Poor silent solitary Boy!
He dwells alone with his own heart,
And all earth's many tones of joy
No sounds to his dull ear impart.

And but for shapes and forms that roll
 Before his eye, and leave a dim
Strange impress on his thoughtful soul,
 This outward world were not for him.

My coming from afar he spies,
 He runs and lays his hand on me,
Then looks up with his violet eyes
 Into my face, and laughs for glee.

And when, for every kindness,
 My words of soothing love are said,
His rosy finger he will press
 On lip, and ear, and shake his head.

Then have I thought, if He, the God,
 Who healed of old the deaf and dumb,
When, poor and shelterless, He trod
 Judea's shores, might hither come,

How, by His gentle touch unbound,
 Would lip and ear and heart rejoice,
Sense visit the dull ear, and sound
 Flow sweetly from the tutored voice.

Not yet, not yet, though still beside
 His form is veiled from mortal men ;
The Bridegroom is not with the Bride ;
 We wait until He come again.

But still for us those lips have speech
Even in their silent solitude,
And well their gentle lesson teach
Of pity and of gratitude.

We, to whom GOD has freely given
Sweet sense of sound, expression's flow,
If we abuse the gifts of Heaven,
Nor praise, nor feel for other's woe,—

Sure, when our fleeting life is past,
A heavy judgement will be ours ;
For each must give account at last
For gifts bestowed and wasted powers.

The Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Go and do thou likewise.— St. Luke x. 37.

Who is thy neighbour, Christian Child?
Thine infant vow is writ above,
That promised, at God's Holy Font,
Him as thyself to love.

Who is he? All men great or small,
Who need thine aid, or claim thy fear,
Thou hast a duty unto all,
And all are neighbours dear.

Not only they who, loved and fond,
Around thy lowly dwelling press;
The cold, the distant, the unkind,
Claim too thy kindness.

He was a stranger to his hearth,
He was his nation's deadly foe,
Whom erst the good Samaritan
Found bleeding, cold, and low,

He took the wounded stranger up,
He kindly bound his bleeding frame
The LORD CHRIST says to each of you,
"Go thou, and do the same."

The Priest turned to the other side,
The Levite looked and passed him by ;
Shall hearts baptized be found as cold
To Christian sympathy ?

Go thou and love thy neighbour too
On this our earth are none that live
But they may work another's good,
Though small their power to give,

With loving heart, with soothing tone,
That raise the heart by sorrow riven,
With cheering word, and helping hand,
Unasked, but freely given.

Nor say, thou canst not reach to some,
Too great, too high, too far away ;
One bond is for the rich and poor,
And, Christian, thou canst pray.

In little drops the night dews fall,
They nurse tall tree and lovely flower ;
And lowly deeds bear precious fruits,
And simple prayers have power.

The Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

There are not found that returned to give glory to GOD save this stranger. — St. Luke xvii. 18.

WE walk amid a world of beauteous things,
Unnumbered blessings all around us flowing,
Till we forget the Gracious Hand that brings,
Unheeded in Its bountiful bestowing.

Sweet sights, glad sounds, are round us every day,
The golden dawn, the gentle breath of even,
The scent of summer flowers, the sun's hot ray,
And all for pleasure, all for comfort given.

We walk in a new life ; for us the stain
That fell on this bright world, God's fair creation,
Is washed away ; and we are made again
The Sons of God, the heirs of high salvation ;

And angels wave their guardian wings around,
Communion with eternal things is ours,
Hopes brightening still, and joys that are not found
On this fair earth, with all her songs and flowers.

Where are our deeds in grateful service done ?

Where are the words with thankful rapture burning ?
Alas ! we all are cleans'd ; there's scarcely one
With voice of praise and works of love returning.

Ye, late baptised in GOD'S Thrice Holy Name,
Whose glad young life in every vein rejoices,
Lo ! one poor leper puts your zeal to shame ;—
Come praise THE LORD CHRIST with your infant
voices.

But words are weak, when thoughts lie deep and strong,
And hearts run o'er, in deeds their love expressing ;
Be all your holy lives one grateful song,
Be all your acts one voice of praise and blessing.

The Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Consider the lilies of the field how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. — St. Matt. vi. 28 29.

THERE grew a fair white lily in the shade
Of a green wood, where never man drew near,
But round the lonely flower bright sunbeams played,
And the dew fell in drops as silver clear.

The sceptered king, his golden gates within,
Had not a robe as beautiful and bright
As that poor flower, that did not toil or spin,
Wore in the wild wood, far from human sight.

She saw no hand to bring her the sweet dew,
To shield her from the hot sun's noontide ray,
Yet without care or thought the fair thing grew,
And shed her patient perfume every day.

Shall man then fret and pine at his poor lot,
And mourn his state so friendless and unknown?
The God, of Whom the flower is unforgot,
Much more, much more, He careth for His own.

When want's dark cloud hangs o'er the present hour,
And all to-morrow's ills look darkly thro',
Shall he not learn a lesson from the flower,
And trust The LORD in faithful patience too?

Children, that, pressing round the poor man's hearth,
Have learnt the care that need so early brings,
Seek ye the joys that are not of this earth,
And the good God shall give all other things.

The Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

*And when The LORD saw her, He had compassion on her and said,
" Weep not."— St. Luke vii. 13.*

Look on the train, through the city gate
 Bearing the dead man in slow array,
Look on the poor mother desolate,
 Weeping alone o'er the mouldering clay.

She was a Widow, she had but him,
 The star that lighted her lonely age ;
Her staff is broken, her light is dim,
 She must finish alone her pilgrimage.

She has covered her forehead with ashes,
 For his eyes cannot brighten her gloom,
She has kissed down their motionless lashes,
 She must follow her child to the tomb.

Oh ! human sorrow and hopelessness,
 Little ye think on the Good God nigh ;
He comes in pitying tenderness,
 He looks on her grief with gentle eye ;

He hath touched the cold dead on his bier
In the might of His life giving power ;—
Mother, where now is thy anguished tear ?
Widow, where now is thy lonely hour ?

There lie green graves in the churchyard cold,
Long lowly graves where the grass grows fair ;
Should we mourn, like that mother of old,
For our loved ones, laid mouldering there ?

For the Christians, who lay down in trust
Of a waking more glorious, more blest,
When the soul shall rekindle its dust,
And the saints shall have heavenly rest ;

When the sweet voice, that gave back of yore
To the widowed and childless her son,
Shall awaken His blessed once more
To the life that His patience has won.

The Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

Thus saith The LORD GOD ; “ Repent, and turn yourself from your idols.”— Ezek. xiv. 6.

WHERE cedars wave on Syrian height,
Were altars reared for votive rite ;
And silver Jordan swept along
To anthem loud, and choral song.

But not for Great JEHOVAH’S praise
Did Israel’s matrons pour their lays,
And not for Him, in wooded glade,
On sunny height, the shrine was made.

And Judah’s maids wild dances trod
To many an unclean heathen god ;
And impious sires, in lone green wood,
For offering poured their children’s blood.

They drank their flowing cups at noon,
They praised at night the fair round moon ;
The chosen of the King of kings,
They bowed down to created things.

Yea, gods they made of wood and stone ;—
 Poor human hearts ! thus ever prone
 To leave the ways that God has shown,
 And make false idols of their own ;

As trees beside some water bright,
 Whose brows are set to heaven's blue height,
 Yet bend their branches down, and look
 On the false sky within the brook.

We do not bend the adoring knee
 To demon gods 'neath forest tree ;
 And when the fair round moon returns,
 No heart in votive rapture burns ;

But wrong desire, and cherished sin,
 And selfish care enshrined within,
 And angry passions, prompt to wake ;
 These are the idols Christians make.

We will not cleanse the sinful breast,
 Because we love our own ways best,
 Better than Him, from sin's fowl sway
 Who died to turn our hearts away.

We must not scorn our Master thus ;
 Earth's vain deceits are not for us ;
 Her idol shrines, her gilded cares,
 Befit not heaven's immortal heirs.

The Great LORD GOD enthroned on high,
He sees the soul's idolatry ;
He claims the first love of our heart,
Nor takes what is but His in part.

The Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Also, I gave them My Sabbaths to be a sign between them, and Me.—
Ezek. xx. 12.

Now our six days' work is done ;
Softly sank the evening sun ;
Man, and child, and weary beast,
Hail your universal feast !
From the labour and the toil,
Bearing burdens, tilling soil,
From close loom and anvil red,
Rest to-day, the LORD has said.

Thus, in smiling Palestine,
Won of old by Jacob's line,
Through the vales where honey flowed,
Where the fruitful cattle lowed,
O'er green height and watered sod,
Held they erst the rest of God ;
Knew no toil, no burden bore,
Till the Sabbath hours were o'er.

We our festival of rest
Hallow with His name most blest,
Who, Omnipotent to save,
Sprang to-day from Joseph's grave ;
And, through all the quiet air,
Gentle bells shall call to prayer ;
Twice to-day, with heart and word,
Shall we praise our living LORD.

Golden links at distance found
In the chain that binds us round,
Scented flowers, that strew the way
Where our weary feet must stray,
Are our happy Sundays, given
To lead up our souls to heaven,
Turning for awhile our eyes
From earth's cares and vanities.

Heavily God's anger burned,
When His sinful people turned
And polluted with their crime
His own chosen Sabbath time.
We, our dear LORD's festival
Hail we gladly, one and all,
And, with holy hand and heart,
In His service bear our part.

The Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

The GOD Whom thou servest continually, He will deliver thee. —
Dan. vi. 16.

AROUND the monarch's restless couch
To-night the voice of song be mute ;
No gentle maids, with soothing touch,
Draw music from the melting lute,
Nor fill the cup for royal feast ;
Alone the Mede in sorrow lies,
And mourns the wrath, to famished beast
That gave the holy and the wise.

Could he have changed the stern decree !
How slowly wears the night away !
The stars are fading silently ;
Bright flashes in the eastern day ;—
Behold the guilty monarch steal
To yonder den with slaughter died,
With trembling hand his signet seal
He breaks, and rolls the stone aside

He sees the lions' large red eyes
Far gleaming through the darkness lone ;
" O Daniel, dost thou live ?" he cries,
" And hath thy LORD GOD kept His own ?"
He bends his head, he strains his ear, —
Lo ! to his lamentable call
The Prophet's voice comes, calm and clear
As if he trod his palace hall ;

" O King, live ever in thy might ;
" God's holy angel hath been here,
" He watched beside me all the night,
" The famished lions drew not near ;
" Thus ever doth The LORD GOD shroud
" Who serve His Name in innocence."
Now, joy to Media's monarch proud !
Now, draw the rescued Prophet thence.

Where now is Daniel's spirit high,
When trials wait on Christian deed ;
When evil men stand scoffing by,
And mock our hope, and scorn our meed ?
Where now, when foes and fears are round,
The faith that hath no doubt, no care ?
In vain for him the monarch frowned,
And chid the oft repeated prayer ;

Still, thrice a day, the exile set
His face where western sunbeams fall,

And faithful memory wandered yet
To Solomon's forsaken wall.
We turn back at a word, a jest,
We tremble at a comrade's sneer,
We know it right, we feel it best,
To serve the LORD ; and yet we fear.

Yet times have been of sterner strife,
When beasts had power o'er holy men,
And martyrs deemed that better life
Worth all the pains they suffered then.
Shame on our cold and coward love !
Who faint and weary every day,
Whom words affright, whom shadows move,
From treading in God's perfect way.

The Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

And they all with one consent began to make excuse.— St. Luke xiv. 18.

“Go call my guests,” the monarch said,
“The ready board is richly spread,
 The rosy wine runs bright,
The bridegroom and the bride are here ;
Go, let my bidden guests draw near,
And bid them taste our royal cheer,
 And grace the festal night.”

In vain the obedient servants speed ;
They do not hear, they will not heed ;—
 The busy cares of life
Have all their hearts so closely bound,
They cannot hear that gentle sound,
One seeks his oxen, one his ground,
 And one will wed a wife.

Oh sorrow ! Is that royal board,
With costliest dainties richly stored,
 Untasted left and bare ?

Can these not cast their toils aside ?
Can this not bring his wedded bride,
Alike accepted, at his side,
 To pay her homage there ?

The glorious King of earth and sky
Has spread His marriage feast on high,
 And bids us come and share ;
Still day by day, and year by year,
The sweet sounds linger in our ear,
God's chosen servants say " Draw near,
 For heaven your hearts prepare."

If we, unheeding, turn away,
If worldly toil, or pleasant play,
 Fill all our foolish breasts
So full, we have no time to pray,
To watch, to tread our Master's way, —
Then, sure we are as bad as they,
 The king's ungrateful guests.

Not thus, not thus, CHRIST's blessed band ;
Come, take your loved ones by the hand,
 Obey the festive call,
Put on your wedding garments fair,
Ye know not, lost in worldly care,
How soon the Bridegroom will be there ;
 Be ready, one and all.

The Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

My Son, hear the instruction of thy Father, and forsake not the law of thy Mother; for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck. — Prov. i. 8. 9.

WITHIN our happy cottage homes
Are sounds of mirth and gladness free;—
Whose gentle voice, the sweetest, comes
Controlling all their glee?
Whose bosom pillows the sick head?
Who sings the song for infant ear;
And neatly lays the cradle bed?
Who but our mother dear?

And when the stars begin to show,
And dews are rising from the plain,
Who, with tired limb and weary brow,
Comes whistling down the lane?
Who, for his own dear little ones,
Hath early toiled, and laboured late?
How fast each little lisper runs!
“Our father’s at the gate.”

How oft, when we are weary men,
 And toiling for our own scant store,
 Shall the sweet song come back again
 Our mothers used to pour !
 And we shall dwell, with lingering thought,
 Upon our fathers' silver hairs,
 And ponder all the truths they taught,
 And bless them for their cares.

O filial love ! round peasant hearts
 The sweetest tie, the purest bond,—
 Have courts, and towns, with all their arts
 A joy to show beyond ?
 What ornament so bright and fair,
 Of golden chain or rich attire,
 As duteous love and reverent care
 To mother and to sire ?

And GOD has blessed the sacred flame,
 His type for holiest feelings given,
 And bids us call His dearest name,
 Our FATHER, up in heaven.
 And who was HE who, even in death,
 Thought on His mother's bitter woe,
 And left her, with His parting breath,
 To him best loved below ?

The noontide hours are hot and bright,
 And eve is sweet when toil is done ;

But streaks of rosier softer light
Hung round the rising sun ;
And where, as lengthening years roll on,
Shall man meet love as pure and high
As that which filled his father's tone,
And lit his mother's eye ?

The Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

*The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies
of the wicked are cruel. — Prov. xii. 10.*

BE kind to all ; the beasts that feed,
The birds that wander to and fro,
For use or beauty all decreed,
And to thy comfort or thy need
Made ministers below ;
The little insects, born to day,
And dying in one sunny hour ;
To all that lie beneath thy sway,
Good Christian, gently use thy power.

On them hath fallen, for man's offence,
The doom of death, earth's primal curse ;
Think you to show your penitence
For deeds that drove sweet concord hence,
By making their lot worse ?
And do ye well to hurt or mar
What God set with us through the land,
The curious living things, that are
The work of His Almighty Hand ?

Yon patient ass, by you abused,
 Of old his lowly Master bore,
Whom man deserted and misused ;
And, when the proud cold world refused
 To own her LORD, and shut the door
Against His Virgin Mother mild,
She sought the cattle's humble shed,
And o'er the manger-cradled child
The horned oxen bowed the head.

God loves the heart where kindness
 And pitying love have place ;
From them, who wantonly oppress
His creatures in their helplessness,
 He turns away His face.
And thoughtless boys make cruel men,
For habit hardens into crime ;
Be kind, be good, be gentle then
To all things, in your childhood's time.

The Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.—
St. Matt. xxii. 23.

I SAW within the forest hoar
An aged oak grow broad and green,
A hundred rolling years and more
That knotted trunk unscathed had seen ;

And little violets, darkly blue,
With breath that perfumed all the glade,
Sprang through the soft green moss that grew
Like velvet in the quiet shade.

With purple eye, and light green shoots,
As if they loved that ancient tree,
Around his rough and hoary roots
The little flowers twined lovingly ;

Through all his boughs the winds of heaven
With murmur hoarse did come and go,
Yet round them hung, at balmy even,
The fragrance breathing from below.

And thus it is; things low and mean
 Can reach to great things far above;
 And thus does mighty England's Queen,
 Still claim her peasants' lowly love.

Our hearts are selfish, narrow, cold;
 With swelling pride, with weakness fraught;
 'Tis well they sometimes learn to hold
 Devotion high and reverent thought.

'Tis well our love should sometimes rise,
 Like perfume through the evening air,
 To where the sign of empire lies
 Within that hand so small and fair.

He bade us render all their due,
 Who was Himself of kings the King;
 Nor doubt we of His meaning true,
 Nor ask what peasant hearts can bring.

The love that breathes no slighting word,
 That holds her name a charmed sound;
 The prayers, the blessings, ever heard,
 Of hearts in loyal duty bound;

These all may feel and all may show;
 There's many a simple village fane,
 Where sweet child voices whisper low
 Her royal name, and not in vain.

For round the Monarch's lofty throne
 Are gathering clouds and brezes high,
 And cares, of childish hearts unknown,
 Will oftimes dim her weary eye.

God's blessing guard our Lady sweet,
 The circled brow, the sceptered hand ;
 All love be her's and honour meet,
 The Cæsar of our mighty land.

The Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

The maid is not dead, but sleepeth. — St. Matt. ix. 24.

LEFT in her little room alone,
The Ruler's child lay stiff and dead,
While, vainly warm, the Syrian sun
Played round her cold and silent bed ;

While, vainly soft, from Judah's hills
Sighed through the lattice the soft air,
That could not move the close white lip,
Nor heave again the bosom fair.

The voice of anguish and despair
Is loud, within the chamber near,
Of them lamenting bitterly
Her early doom with groan and tear.

Her mother maketh grievous moan :—
“ Ah ! had the sire more swiftly sped,
“ And brought the mighty Prophet here
“ E're the last lingering breath was fled !

“ What now avails that far away
 “ Comes o’er the plain his hastening tread ?
 “ Go tell him that he trouble not
 “ The Master more ; my child is dead.”

Dead, is all o’er when that is said ?
 Are hope, and trust, and comfort, gone ?
 The servant tells the weeping sire,
 And yet the Prophet journeys on.

He stands amid the mourning throng :—
 “ Why do ye make this bitter cry ?
 “ The damsel is not dead, she sleeps.”
 They laugh in scorn, they saw her die.

Yea, but they see not the strong power
 For life, and death, that standeth by,
 Nor read the awful Godhead, veiled
 Beneath that meekly patient eye.

Go forth, then, unbelieving throng ;
 The three apostles, and the twain
 Who love so tenderly, alone
 Shall see her spirit come again.

Now waken, waken, little maiden,
 His foot is on thy chamber floor,
 The LORD GOD of the living cometh
 Thine earthly being to restore.

He takes her cold resistless hand : —

“Damsel, I say to thee, arise.”

Lo life returns, with mantling flow,

To cheek, and brow, and kindling eyes.

She riseth up, she walketh forth,

Her lip is red, her heart is warm ;

He gives her to her mother's kiss,

He gives her to her father's arm.

Surely, we too have hope in sorrow,

Who for our Christian brethren weep,

CHRIST is our Life and Resurrection,

They are not dead, they do but sleep.

The Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up strife.—

Prov. xv. 1.

THE storm gust meets the tall green tree,
And breaks his branches high ;
The little flower bends down her head,
And the rude wind sweeps by.

The lake's calm waters break and yield
Beneath the dashing oar,
The boat sweeps on — the soft waves meet
As smoothly as before.

The gentle word, the meek reply,
When angry passions wake,
Unscathed shall meet them, like the flower
That bends, but does not break.

The soul that beareth patiently
Harsh word or chiding hard,
Flows on, in her own quiet peace,
Unruffled and unmarred.

The quick retort, the hasty speech,
 The gibes that will not cease,
 How ill the children they beseem
 Of the dear Prince of peace !

It was not thus in olden time,
 When heathens, as they strove,
 Looked on CHRIST's brother band, and said,
 "See how those Christians love !"

And He, whose lip did ne'er resent
 Fierce taunt and cruel blow,
 He blest the peaceable of heart,
 God's children here below.

And sure that blessing high were worth
 The strife with self and sin ;
 To cast away the angry thought,
 To keep the harsh word in,

To yield in loving gentleness,
 That your poor homes may be
 Faint emblems of that glorious place
 Where all is Unity.

And ye are pledged to do and bear
 Where e'er CHRIST's banner leads ;
 Come, take your crosses in your hands,
 True love is shown by deeds.

Saint Andrew's Day.

JESUS *saw two brethren, Simon, called Peter, and Andrew, his brother. — St. Matt. iv. 18.*

O'ER all the earth, with even course,
The seasons come and go,
We know them by the fruits and flowers
That mark their ebb and flow.

The little snowdrops, pure and white,
Come back with every spring ;
And what a heap of blooming sweets
Does rosy summer bring ?

And autumn has her ripe red fruits,
On branches bending low ;
And dark green leaves, and berries red,
Shine through the winter's snow.

And thus, with feast and sacred tide,
And name of Saint and seer,
The Holy Church hath flowers to mark
Her spiritual year.

Sweet flowers they are that bring to us
A breath of heavenly air,
Awakening in our hearts the thought
Of happy spirits there ;

Glad thought of many a glorious saint,
Gone safely home before,
Who love their brothers toiling still
Where they toiled on of yore ;

Till, gazing on their patient faith,
Our spirits learn to feel
Some semblance of their holy love,
Some portion of their zeal.

Ah ! what were earth without her charm
Of ever blooming flowers ?
And what were we, if nought beyond
This outward world were ours ?

If we had not a home on high,
A glorious King to meet,
A band of brothers waiting there
In saintly commune sweet !—

Then surely, with no causeless care,
The Church holds holy days,
That we may love CHRIST'S blessed saints,
And learn to tread their ways.

Saint Thomas's Day.

*And Thomas answered and said unto Him, My LORD, and my GOD.—
St. John. xx. 28.*

BLESSED were they who, in the days of old,
Saw the LORD's face, and listened to His word ;
More blessed they, His gentle voice has told,
Who never saw, and yet believe their LORD.

“ Except I look upon the risen dead,
“ And lay my finger where the nails ran thro',
“ And touch His wounded side,” Saint Thomas said,
“ Your words are wild, I will not hold them true.”

On those eleven, met to pray and watch,
The last red sunbeam flung a twilight gloom,
No foot had stirred, no hand had raised the latch,—
There stood another in the lowly room.

“ Look on my hands, O faithless heart ”! He cried,
“ Behold the prints of cruel nails are here,
“ Put forth thy finger now and touch my side,
“ There deeply drank the Roman's hated spear.”

No more th' Apostle's doubtful soul is dim,
Bursts from his quivering lip the cry of faith,
"My LORD, my GOD;" henceforth content for Him
To bear the life of scorn, the martyr's death.

And dear to us that word, in later day
Who hold, in faith, the things we might not see;—
"Thou seeing hast believed; more blest are they
Who have not seen, yet have believed on Me."

The Conversion of Saint Paul.

For he is a chosen vessel unto Me, to bear My Name before the Gentiles
—Acts ix. 15.

THE golden vale where Pharpar rolls,
Where proud Damascus' turrets rise,
Is basking in the noontide ray
That falls from cloudless eastern skies.

Look on that eager angry man,
O'er yonder height who leads his train,
And, with bent brow and flashing eye,
Shows the fair city in the plain.

Turn now from sunny Syrian vale,
From palmy grove and glittering dome,
To where old Tiber's dark blue wave
Flows murmuring round imperial Rome.

A captive waits in yonder cell;
The Roman's axe is sharp to-night
That with the morrow drinks his blood;
His soul is calm, his eye is bright.

Thus conquering Prince, on battle eve,
Might watch the last red sunbeam thrown
O'er lovely lands, that, ere that light
Declines again, shall be his own.

The proud stern man, who sought with chains
All those who called on CHRIST'S dear name ;
The captive clinging to His cross
In faithful hope ; are these the same ?

Yea, both are one ; the zealot Jew,
Strong in his self-esteeming pride ;
The meek Apostle, knowing nought
But "CHRIST," and "CHRIST the crucified."

What changed the lion to the lamb ;
The slayer to the suffering saint ? —
With perfume, from Damascus borne,
The noontide breeze came hot and faint ;

A mighty sound was in the air,
The frightened train stood speechless all ;
To him in gentler tones it spake,
"Why dost thou persecute Me, Saul ?"

O haughty hearts of human pride !
We, too, have erred in thought and word ;
With angry speech, with wrathful deed,
Have sinned against our gentle LORD.

Would our repentant hearts were found
In meekness such, in love as free,
As his who left friends, kindred, fame,
And glory's dream, and high degree ;

And, for the brightness of his crown,
Deemed loss was gain, all sorrows light !
High glory to the King of Saints,
Who calls His own, and gives them might !

The Presentation of Christ in the Temple,

COMMONLY CALLED

The Purification of Saint Mary the Virgin.

They brought Him to Jerusalem to present Him to the LORD.—
St. Luke ii. 22.

Jerusalem, why are thy voices dumb ?

Where, Sons of Jacob, are your notes of glee ?
Behold! the LORD GOD, Whom ye seek, doth come
To-day unto His temple suddenly.

Where stand the Levite bands their King to greet ?

What waiting guards attend upon His state ?—
One lowly Virgin beareth up the street
Her first-born Son unto thy temple gate.

Her forty days of loneliness are o'er ;

What present doth the virgin Mother bring ?
The two young pigeons from her scanty store,
And Him, the full sufficient Offering.

Haply, to-day, with pomp and proffered gold,
 Young noble mothers sought the holy dome,
 Paid the full price that Moses bade of old,
 And bore their ransomed treasures proudly home ;

But not for them the Prophet's eye, grown dim
 With watchful years, lit up in extasy ;
 Nor aged Anna looked in them for Him,
 Whom she had served so long, so patiently.

And when resistless broke the glowing word,
 " Now let Thy servant die, my work is done ;
 " Mine eyes have seen the glory of the LORD ;"
 The Prophet looked upon the Virgin's Son.

He was the perfect sacrifice, foreshown
 By shadowy type of old, and symbol high ;
 The first-born of unnumbered Sons, alone
 In Him accepted, and in Him brought nigh.

No treasured gold shall buy Him back again,
 Self-offered gift to shrive a whole world's sin ;
 Open thy gates ; the Victim and His train
 Draw near ; the Virgin bears her First-born in.

Saint Matthias's Day.

And the lot fell upon Matthias. — Acts i. 26.

WHY, when our thoughts could turn to thee,
Oh! chosen saint, Apostle dear!
Why mingles with the memory
A feeling strange of awful fear?

Because, remembrance of His doom
Who lost Thy place for foulest sin
Across the trembling heart will come,
Till the scared spirit shrinks within.

Thus men have watched the morning light
Break calm along the wild sea shore,
Yet thought upon the fearful night
Of storms and wrecks, that went before.

So, conscious of our own heart's stains,
The weak bad thoughts that in us dwell,
We think on mercy spent in vain,
On the high place from which he fell.

Oh! who shall boast the name he bears,
His privilege of service high,
The saintly commune that he shares,
While still temptation watches nigh?

When one of CHRIST's own twelve on earth
Forsook his faith, betrayed his trust,
And gave what whole worlds were not worth
For some few grains of silver dust?

How should we watch our hearts, and mark
The first small covetous desire,
And quench the little growing spark,
That else may kindle endless fire!

And still thy name shall hope renew
Who filled so well the traitor's place,
Thy faith held on, firm, constant, true;—
We too in CHRIST, have strength and grace.

The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, The LORD is with thee; blessed art thou among women. —

St. Luke i. 28.

OF royal line, of holy heart,
But poor, and mean, and lowly bred
Was she, upon whose Mother-breast
The LORD CHRIST laid His infant head.

Beneath no lofty palace roof
The flower was nursed all bright and pure,
Within whose fragrant cup lay hid
That precious seed, a whole world's cure;

Beside the poor man's humble door,
His snowy wing the angel staid;
And to the peasant's promised Bride
He said, "Hail, highly favoured maid!"

He spake of God's mysterious will;
While marvelled much the maiden mild,
As the rapt stranger gladly poured
The wonders of her heaven-sent Child.

Then meekly bowed the Virgin's head,
As deep her thoughtful soul adored ;
" Be it to me as thou hast said,
" Behold the handmaid of the LORD."

Most loved, most favoured, whose young arm
Was cradle to her SAVIOUR'S rest,
Above all women honoured high,
Above all earthly creatures blest.

Alas ! that human hearts have erred,
Profaning her dear name with words
That would have grieved her lowly heart,
With prayers that should be all her LORD'S.

We bless her with a meeter love,
And think the while, with awful praise,
Who said, " Yea, rather blest are they
" Who hear My word, and choose My ways."

Saint Mark's Day.

And some Evangelists.—Ephes. iv. 11.

WHEN erst the rich man, from the lake of fire
Where hope might breathe no more, nor comfort
come,
Looked up to heaven ; and prayed of the Great
Sire
To send some spirit to his father's home ;
“ Nay,” Abraham said, “ they need not to be told ;
“ They have what Moses wrote, what prophets sang
of old.”

And holy men, who lived with Our Dear LORD,
Knew all His love, and looked on all His woe,
By God's Great Spirit moved, for us have poured
The words He spake, the deeds He wrought
below ;
Cast on our earthly path truth's golden ray,
And told of heavenly joys, and showed the only way.

What need we other voices from the dead ?

They sang of One, Who died and rose anew,
Who trod for us the gloomy portal dread,

And, living, leads His chosen children through,
That, by their gospel taught, our souls may prove
Constant in faith, and firm, and loyal in our love.

We, round our happy hearths, in quietness

Pore o'er the page, and ponder the sweet strain,
Mindful of them who, in their deep distress,

Evangelist, and saint, and martyr train,
Nursed the pure flame through heathen ages dark ;
And call their names to mind, as thine, to-day, Saint
Mark !

And, even for the love we bear that Word,

Those honoured names shall fall upon our ear
With a sweet grateful sound ; we love the bird

That sang the strain we loved at twilight clear,
And "beautiful their feet," th' inspired band
Who poured salvation's strain through all the dark-
ened land.

Saint Philip and Saint James's Day.

JESUS*findeth Philip, and saith unto him, Follow me.—*
St. John. i. 43.

UNTO the guileless Israelite
Saint Philip spake of old,
“Come, we have found Whom Prophets sang,
Whom Moses erst foretold,

“Where Galilean peasants toil,
“And spread the frugal board
“In the poor homes of Nazareth ;
“Come forth, and see the LORD.”

Happy were they in hamlet lone,
Or on the lake's green shore,
Who met the LORD whom Judah's seers
Had prophesied of yore.

He found them at their daily toil,
Mean, lowly, and unknown,
The fisher, and the peasant poor,
And chose them for His own.

We patiently fulfilling each
The task by heaven assigned,
Still toiling in our lowly place,
Our SAVIOUR too shall find.

For still the peasant's lowly shed
He fills with light and love,
And sanctifies the meanest work
That's wrought for GOD above.

The happy saints are gone to heaven,
They always see Him there ;
We too, who serve him here below,
His unseen Presence share,

Who do our own work duteously,
With meek eyes heavenward set ;
Such men He called His own of old,
With such He lingers yet.

Saint Barnabas's Day.

And they called Barnabas, Jupiter ; and Paul, Mercurius.—
Acts xiv. 12.

By Listra's wall the ready priest awaits
With the wreathed oxen crowned for sacrifice ;
The people hasten to the city gates,
Rending the quiet air with eager cries,
As wild they press around those two meek men,
Shouting, " The gods, the gods, are come to earth
again."

Was it because the cripple in the street
Rose up and walked at sound of that High Name?
Or for the words all eloquent and sweet,
That from the lips of one so richly came ?
Or for kind looks that filled the other's eye,
Of pitying love benign, and gentle sympathy ?

What say the honoured train ? Their clothes are torn,
Their voice is loud,— " Alas ! what would ye do,

“People of Lystra? We are mortal born,
“Men who like fears, like passions, have with
you ;

“We bid you turn from these dead vanities,
“And serve the Living God, Who made the earth
and skies.”

Then first God's praise o'er Lycaonian vale
Arose ; and Lystra's wondering sons adored.
We too this day, recalling the old tale,
Find hope, and pleasure, pondering their word ;
Thinking how men, as poor and weak as we,
Fought the good fight of faith, and won the victory.

Yea, still the “Son of Consolation,” brings
A comfort to our hearts ; while here we stray,
With strife of inward sin, and outward things,
Tempted, and frightened, from the narrow way ;
God's saints have trod the same rough path before,
Had passions like to ours, and pains and perils more.

Nor only solace draw we from the theme ;
His holy life hath many a lesson meet ;
How little he did worldly wealth esteem,
Who laid his all at the apostle's feet !
How earthly honour grieved his lowliness !
How full his heart of grace, and love, and gentleness !

Like scented airs, from some far garden brought
Perchance across the traveller's weary track ;
Example, comfort, counsel, holy thought,
Come, as our memories fondly wander back
To that old saint ; and higher lead us still
Unto "The King of Saints" upon His heavenly hill.

Saint John Baptist's Day.

"A prophet, yea I say unto you, and much more than a prophet."—
St. John, vii. 26.

By Jordan's wave the wild ass stoops to drink,
And the bee murmurs in her loneliness
Over the sweet flow'rs springing on his brink ;
Why throng the people to the wilderness ?

Why do they gather round that ancient river
From proud Jerusalem, from Judah's land ?
Come they to see the tall reeds bend and quiver,
By the wind shaken, on that lonely strand ?

Seek they for one in gorgeous robe arrayed ?
Lo ! such are found in kingly palace fair ;
Better beseem that solitary glade,
The leathern girdle and the camel's hair,

The deep stern voice pouring its awful word,
As in the desert cries the lonely Seer,
"Prepare ye for the coming of The LORD ;
"Repent ye, for His kingdom draweth near."

The people found a Prophet in the wild,
Yea, and much more, even him whom CHRIST
has named
"Greatest of woman born," the destined child
Whose wondrous birth the Angel erst proclaimed,

When the Priest Father in the Temple bowed
His silver hairs God's mystic shrine before,
And the bright stranger hung upon the cloud
Of grateful incense sweet that hovered o'er.

Not in his childhood's home among the hills
Caught he that note of preparation high,
That warning stern, whose awful import thrills
The conscious sinners as they tremble nigh ;

God's Spirit filled him from his natal hour,
Bidding him serve, in loneliness and might,
Even till the maiden, in her wanton power,
Made him the price of Herod's vain delight.

Yet CHRIST has said, The least and lowliest,
From this world's want and weariness set free,
And to the happy kingdom of the Blest
Gone home in peace, is greater far than He.

Yea, he is greater, even on this earth,
Whose chastened spirit heavenly commune
knows,

On whom, beloved, The LORD of his new birth
His strength, His Spirit, and Himself, bestows.

Oh! blessed hope! — By Jordan's wave no more
The desert Prophet lingers; to the light
Of his LORD's presence him the Angels bore,
Mid the foul joys of that unhallowed night.

And we too hear deep voices through the land,
Saying, "Repent ye, for The LORD doth come;"
We walk with Him below, we hope to stand
Where all are great in that eternal home.

Saint Peter's Day.

“ And The LORD turned, and looked upon Peter. — St. Luke xxii. 61

WHERE o'er Judæa's fertile plains
Bright eastern sunbeams break,
There dwelt a lowly fisher by
The Galilean lake ;

He heard Our Blessed Saviour's voice
Say, “ Simon, follow Me,”
And straightway he forsook his nets,
And left that dark blue sea.

He left his ship with her white sail
Dipt idly in the wave,
Because the voice was in his ear
Of Him who came to save ;

Because he felt a holier work
To him on earth was given,
Commissioned by The LORD Most High
To lead lost souls to Heaven.

So turned he from his pleasant home
Upon the lake's green shore,
And kindred ties, to follow CHRIST
And serve Him evermore.

Yet once his fiery soul forgot
The vows so freely said,
When he, in that long Judgment hall,
Watched for the sentence dread ;

When curious looks were bent on him
With many a taunting word,
And thrice the coward lip refused
To own his suffering LORD ;

When, through the slowly purpling dawn,
Again the shrill cock crew,
And The LORD turned and looked on him,
Twice perjured, thrice untrue.

How sad then must have been the look
Of that calm patient eye ;
I do not wonder that it made
His own Saint Peter cry.

And, Oh! how terrible his grief
When he went out alone,
To weep, in bitter agony,
What his false heart had done.

But well we know that his Dear LORD,
His servant's sin forgave ;
For when His three days' sleep was o'er
Within the conquered grave,

When first to Mary Magdelene
He showed Him risen anew,
"Go tell it my Disciples all,"
He said, "and Peter too."

And well, by deeds of after truth,
The great Apostle proved
How dearly That Forgiving LORD,
How faithfully, he loved ;

Who through contempt, and strife, and chain,
Bore on his Master's Name ;
And died at last, by Rome's old wall,
His Master's death of shame.

O CHRIST ! who loved Saint Peter so,
Have mercy too on me,
And make me patient, true, and brave,
Denying self for Thee ;

That, in Thy holy paths below,
My little feet may tread,
With all Thy blessed company
Of Saints alive and dead.

Saint James the Apostle's Day.

*Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of; and with the baptism
that I am baptised withal shall ye be baptised.—*

Saint Mark x. 39.

FIRST martyred of CHRIST's chosen train!

Then did the Mother plead in vain?

Or could she ask no higher fate,
Than when the vengeful Jewish King

Made thy true soul an offering

Unto his people's hate?

“Yea, LORD, my lip Thy cup would share,

“I too Thy baptism would bear;”

So spake he in his strong desire,
Yet little deemed what Spirit bright
Would fill his soul with love and light,

Baptising him with fire;

Nor thought how full of agony,

How deep and red the cup would be,

For his Dear Master's lip outpoured;

Nor deemed, how soon himself should know

Some portion of his bitter woe

Beneath the slayer's sword.

Yet, favoured in his early fall,
O'er earthly pride and honours all,
 Beyond his Mother's fondest prayer,
We cannot tell who nearest stand
Unto Our Saviour's Blest Right Hand,
 But sure Saint James is there.

Thus many times we make request ;
Still hears Our LORD, and gives the best ;—
 We ask for ease from all our woes ;
He giveth patience to endure,
High hope, meek sorrow's fittest cure,
 And toils that bring repose.

We, in our blind and selfish woe,
When sickness lays our loved ones low,
 Ask for new health and lengthened life ;
CHRIST in His mercy takes away
The good man from the evil day,
 From toil, and sin, and strife.

And all is good, all given in love ;
No faithful prayer sent up above,
 That doth not meet GOD's patient ear ;
And whether joy, or ease, or pain,
Or lingering grief His will ordain,
 We trust His mercies dear.

Saint Bartholomew's Day.

When thou wast under the fig-tree I saw thee.—St. John i. 48.

THERE was no sound in earth or air,
Save when the green leaves lightly blown
Did rustle on the fig tree tall,
Where good Nathaniel sat alone
Beneath that shadow darkly green ;
When not a human form was nigh,
And not one voice of living thing
Broke in upon his musings high.

And yet the Eye that never sleeps
Was o'er him in his lonely rest,
Knew every simple guileless thought,
And read the secrets of his breast.
Not yet had Philip bid him come
The Presence of His LORD to share,
And yet unseen, unsought of him,
The very LORD Himself was there.

'Tis ever thus ; there is no hour,
No place on earth, where GOD is not ;
As well the wild flower on the hill
Might shun the noontide radiance hot,
As well the rock refuse to touch
The wave that circles at its base,
As sinful man attempt to flee
The GOD that filleth time and space.

Not when from joyous comrades far
Apart thy secret footsteps tread,
Not when at night the curtains fall
Around thy lone and silent bed.—
The vast sea swells against the shore,
The sunbeam gilds the flow'ret fair,
GOD looketh upon all we do,
His broad bright Eye is every where.

Oh ! happy, when that piercing glance
Our inmost souls shall search and scan,
If they be found as true and pure
As his, that guileless Jewish man.
Happy if all our holy lives
Like that beloved Saint's shall prove,
As firm in self-denying zeal,
As fervent in their loyal love.

What though no warning voice of man
Be nigh to chide thy secret deed,

Though, close within, no mortal eye
Thy bosom's sinful purpose read ;
Yet, Christian, do the rightful act,
Make clean thine heart in awful fear,
God's Mystic Presence girds thee round ;
Be watchful, CHRIST Himself is near.

Saint Matthew's Day.

And he left all, rose up, and followed Him.—St. Luke vi. 28.

“OH! Mother, Mother, saw you not
“That lordly coach sweep by?
“How fast the four great horses went,
“They almost seemed to fly.
“I wish I had such costly things,
“And lived in high estate;
“It must be sure a pleasant thing
“To be so rich and great.”

“Hush, hush, my Boy,” the Mother said,
“Put such vain thoughts away,
“How merrily the Church bells ring,
“It is Saint Matthew's day;
“Round our low cottage pleasantly
“Murmurs the Autumn air;
“Come, take your little sister's hand,
“And fetch your book of prayer.

- “ And we shall hear of better things
“ Than gold or rich array,
“ While gravely speaks the solemn Priest,
“ Or swells the sacred lay ;
“ And holier thoughts shall to our hearts
“ Far brighter dreams inspire,
“ When, kneeling down, we ask of GOD
“ To check each wrong desire.
- “ He was a rich man whom to-day,
“ For lesson pure and high,
“ In earnest prayer, and holy tale,
“ We call to memory ;
“ He sat beside his treasured heaps
“ When The Dear LORD drew near,
“ He met the glance of His mild eye,
“ His voice was in his ear ;
- “ And not his hoards of gathered gold,
“ His heaps of silver bright,
“ Could hold him back, whose soul had found
“ The mine of true delight ;
“ In vain earth spread her gayest dreams,
“ And wealth her pleasures poured,
“ He knew it better, happier far,
“ To know and serve The LORD.
- “ Dear Boy, these outward things are fine,
“ But they will fade and rust,

“ There are true treasures up in Heaven
“ That never turn to dust ;
“ And yet our foolish hearts forget,
“ They love to linger here ;
“ Oh ! do we well to wish for that
“ That makes this earth more dear ?”

“ The gentle bells have ceased to chime,
“ Come, learn a better lore ;
“ Thou canst not rise, like him of old,
“ And leave thy golden store,
“ But the vain covetous desires
“ That in thy bosom wake,
“ The wish for what God has not given,
“ These may thy soul forsake.”

Saint Michael and all Angels.

And to an innumerable company of Angels. — Heb. xii. 22.

THE Mother at the harvest toiled,
And she had laid her babe to sleep
Beside the hedge, while over him
His little brother watch did keep.

Gravely the little guardian watched,
In conscious pride, the close-sealed eyes,
While, with his wand of birchen wood,
He drove away the busy flies ;

And ever, when the baby stirred,
He tried to sing some cradle air ;—
I looked on the unconscious child,
So heedless of its guardian's care.—

Still hot above the western hills
The broad sun lingered, loth to leave
The blitheness of that harvest scene
Unlit ; it was Saint Michael's eve.

I thought upon the mysteries
The morrow's rites would celebrate,
Of the bright beings heavenly
That all around us watch and wait,

The Spirits sent to minister
Unto Salvation's honoured heirs,
The Angel forms that come and go,
And walk amongst us unawares.

But we are like that sleeping Babe,
Who thinks not on his guardian kind ;
We wander on unheedingly,
Nor call their presence to our mind ;

We kneel down when, at dewy eve,
The sweet flowers fold their blossoms fair,
We think not who, with folded wings,
Stand waiting on our offered prayer ;

Our eyes are dim in danger's hour,
We see not half the Christian's aid,
The Armies of The God of Hosts
For us in battle line arrayed ;

We think not how, in olden time,
They triumphed o'er our deadliest foe ;
We think not how they came by night
The "tidings of great joy" to show ;

And how they watched Redemption's work,
In love and wonder waiting near ;
And how they strike their gladdest strains
For every sinner's contrite tear.

Sweet thought ! that they, so bright and blest,
Whom care or sin can never soil,
Should feel for poor man's happiness,
And share his joys, and watch his toil.

And not in vain to us is given
This fellowship invisible,
That we may love as Angel's love,
And try to serve The LORD as well.—

The gleaners from the field were gone,
I trod alone the twilight dew,
I knew that GOD was with me there,
God, and His Holy Angels too.

Saint Luke the Evangelist.

Only Luke is with me. — 2 Tim. iv. 2.

HIS voice was like the melting strain
Of some sweet harp well strung,
He loved to pour the gentle lays
That holy lips have sung ;

Still echoing down the stream of time,
As sweet the measure flows
As when, by Judah's ancient hills,
The sacred numbers rose ;

As when perchance, within the cell
Of the old martyr Paul,
He sung them as the sun went down
Along the Roman wall.

His was the gentle soothing art
That stays the throb of pain,
That to the racked and weary frame
Brings joyous health again ;

And men have told, his hand could trace
Fair forms of earth and sky,
Could paint the evening's sunset glow,
The morning's rosy dye.

Blest, who like him shall consecrate
To GOD all highest powers ;—
And if no touch of gifted hand,
No charm of song be ours,

One art was his, one gentle art,
That all alike may own,
Who soothed the aged captive's pain
Within his dungeon lone.

When Cresceus sought Galatia's shore,
When Demas false forsook,
Nor even his Titus lingered nigh,
Still stayed "Beloved Luke ;"

Watched the bright star, whose upward course
His pen had traced before,
Set in the light of martyrdom
On that Italian shore.

Still, all the year, in Holy Church,
At morn and even song,
The lovely lays he treasured up
Our infant lips prolong ;

And still dear love and kindness
Our inmost hearts may touch,
And we can soothe the cares of age,
And cheer the sick man's couch.

Saint Simon and Saint Jude

And Thaddeus, and Simon the Canaanite.—St. Mark iii. 18.

THE fair ship sailing o'er the sea,
When loud the winds at midnight roar,
Sees far away the beacon light
That warns, or welcomes to the shore.

Above the glowing wave it burns,
Between the ocean and the sky ;
The weary sailors bless the beam
With grateful heart and steadfast eye.

They cannot see the careful hands
That tend for them that kindly spark ;
They only mark its radiance, thrown
Across the waters deep and dark.

Our life is like a dark wild sea
Where spirits fail in trial's hour,
God's Word to us is as the light
From the tost seaman's beacon tower.

Above our strife, through all our fears,
The constant ray falls clear and bright ;
But, for the hands that lit of old
And fed our watch-fire on the height,

A few brief words of Holy Writ,
A name just breaking through the gloom
That shrouds their early martyrdom,
Is all that meets us of their doom.

But still our light is bright afar,
Still safe we sail the dark deep sea,
Led onward by our guiding star,
Where all the blest shall ever be.

And what to us their earthly course,
Who follow in the flame they fanned,
Who know their faithful toil is o'er,
Their ships have touched the silver strand !

And as we trace the glorious beam,
And praise The LORD all good and great,
We pause to bless their pious care,
Their holy deeds to emulate.

All Saints' Day.

To the general assembly and Church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to GOD the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. — Heb. xii. 23.

THERE'S many a happy household band
Brought up around one Father's knee,
And fed by the same Mother's hand
Through all their happy infancy ;
But years roll on, the world is wide,
And seas perchance and lands divide
The brothers that played side by side,
The sisters loved so tenderly.

Yet faithful still, though far apart,
They wear their childhood's early chain ;
Still truly thrills each kindred heart
To other's joy, for other's pain ;
And if one lonely pilgrim dies
The tears fall down from many eyes,
And still their home's old sympathies
Will sometimes wake again.

There is a holy household, bound
 In closer bond than ties of home
Or kindred claim; the wide earth round,
 Those children of One Father roam.
Space cannot mar their unison,
For still their hopes and joys are one,
In town, and plain, and desert lone,
 And far isles girt with foam.

And time, that wears each other bond,
 Breaks not that holy brotherhood;
The patriarchal days beyond,
 Beyond the old destroying flood,
It clasps dim ages far away,
It holds the true of every day
Who love the LORD and choose His way,
 The faithful, wise, and good.

Nor even death dissolves the charm
 With her cold touch so stern and chill;
The love that braved all other harm
 Shrinks trembling from that last worst ill,
And men seal up the fading eye,
They seek no more for sympathy
From lips that cannot frame reply;
 But saints look further still.

For them the dead can never die,
 With them the living strive and pray;

Oh! happy commune, pure and high,
And happy all who feel its sway,
Blest in their One Redeeming LORD,
And blest by His own precious word ;—
Well may we linger to record
Our brothers dear to-day,

The gentle warriors bold and kind,
With steadfast brow and solemn tone,
The holy men of earnest mind,
Whose prayers are mingling with our own,
And they, for ever blest and bright,
With robes in CHRIST'S own Blood washed white,
With palms in hand, and crowns of light,
Who stand around His throne.

QUESTIONS.

First Sunday in Advent.

Q. In what state did our LORD first come on earth ?

Q. In what land did He live ?

Q. Will He come again in the same manner ?

Q. How then will He come ?

Q. You did not see Him when He came at first ; shall you see Him when He comes again ?

Q. What do you mean by keeping white your baptismal robe ?

A. My sins were forgiven, and my soul was cleansed at my baptism ; every sin that I commit now stains it again, as if I were to soil a clean robe in which I had been newly drest.

Q. How should faithful servants wait for their LORD ?

Q. Who are CHRIST'S children ?

Q. What does Advent mean ?

Q. What should be our thoughts during this season of Advent ?

A. We should think with gratitude how our LORD has once come to save us ; and we should prepare our hearts watchfully and carefully, for His second coming to judge the world.

Q. What begins at this time ?

A. The Church begins her year, all through which she tries to lead Christians to think of their LORD, and to live with Him, by commemorating the different events of His life; as on Christmas Day, His Birth; then His Circumcision; His Presentation in the Temple; His Fasting Forty Days in Lent; His Sufferings in Passion Week; His Death on Good Friday; His Burial on Easter Eve; His Glorious Resurrection on Easter Sunday; His Ascension on Ascension Day; His sending the HOLY GHOST on Whitsunday; His eternal incomprehensible Unity with the FATHER and HOLY GHOST on Trinity Sunday; and all the other Sundays recall some of His miracles, or of the words that He spoke for our instruction and comfort; and she has interspersed days which bid us remember His Mother, His Apostles, the Saints, and the Holy Angels—those whom He loved, and who loved Him—so that all the year round, if we listen to her teaching, she leads us to our Great Head, and bids us live with Him.

Second Sunday in Advent.

Q. Who has given us the Holy Scriptures?

Q. Where is it said that the Judgments of the LORD are more to be desired than gold, and sweeter than honey?

Q. Is it not a great privilege to have Bibles to read?

Q. How then should we use this great privilege?

Q. Should not we use holy things reverently?

A. Yes; the freeness of GOD'S gifts must not make us forget their sanctity; we must not play, nor laugh, while this book is in our hands, but reverently remember that it contains GOD'S own solemn mysterious Words.

Q. Why is it said the Scriptures were written?

A. "For our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." See the Gospel for the day.

Third Sunday in Advent.

Q. Why do you say the Clergyman is like a Shepherd ?

A. Because GOD has commissioned him to lead us and feed our souls, as a Shepherd leads and guides his flock.

Q. To which of His Apostles did our LORD speak as to a Shepherd ?

A. To Saint Peter, when he said "Feed My Sheep," and afterwards, "Feed My Lambs."

Q. Who are the lambs of CHRIST's flock ?

Q. What is that more beautiful land to which the Clergyman leads us ?

A. He tells me of the kingdom of heaven, and teaches me how I may reach it.

Q. Who is the Great Shepherd of all souls ?

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

Q. Repeat a passage of Holy Scripture which commands you to pray ?

Q. What do you mean by praying for strength to strive in Christian fight ?

A. I promised at my baptism to fight under CHRIST's

banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and I need GOD's help to do this every day.

Q. Is not the LORD GOD very good to allow us to pray to Him ?

Q. For Whose sake does the LORD GOD hear our prayers ?

Q. Why do you say we live a better life in Him ?

A. Because at our baptism we were born into a new life, we are now Christians, in a state of salvation, and we must live like such.

Q. Why do you say that in CHRIST's Name we are brought near to GOD ?

A. Because CHRIST reconciled us to GOD, He has made us GOD's children, and allows us to pray to Him and to call Him our Father.

Christmas Day.

Q. To whom did Angels announce the birth of our LORD ?

Q. Where is it fit that we should go to praise CHRIST for His mercy in coming down among us ?

Q. In what state was the LORD JESUS CHRIST born upon earth, and where ?

Q. In what state were we born ?

Q. Did we then require to be born anew ?

Q. When did this new life begin in us ?

Q. How must we live now, then ?

Q. How should Christians live ?

A. They must try to be like CHRIST, to live holy lives, striving every day against sin, the world, and the devil, as they promised to do.

Q. Who must help us to do this ?

A. GOD the HOLY GHOST.

Q. What event then does the Church call to our minds to-day ?

A. The Birth of our LORD JESUS CHRIST ; the season of Advent, which is just over, was meant to prepare our minds to celebrate this great festival with due feelings of gratitude, joy, and humility.

Saint Stephen's Day.

Q. Who was Saint Stephen ?

Q. Who murdered him ?

Q. What vision did he see as he was dying ?

Q. How can we imitate Saint Stephen ?

A. By bearing patiently all opposition, and even persecution, that would prevent us from doing right, steadily persisting in our duty, remembering that CHRIST is looking down on us from Heaven, our promised inheritance.

Q. What did Our LORD say on the folly of preferring prosperity on earth, to happiness in heaven ?

A. He said "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ?"

Q. Why is the soul much more worthy of care than the body ?

Q. How else can we imitate Saint Stephen ?

A. By forgiving our enemies, and praying for them as he did.

Saint John the Evangelist's Day.

Q. Who is the Jewish exile mentioned here ?

Q. To what place was he banished ?

Q. Where is Patmos ?

Q. Give some account of Saint John the Evangelist ?

Q. What Books of Holy Scripture did Saint John write ?

Q. Which of these Books describes the mysterious things of futurity ?

Q. What is that bond called which unites the true members of CHRIST, alive and dead ?

A. The Communion of Saints.

Q. Where shall all the Saints meet at last ?

Innocents' Day.

Q. Who were the Holy Innocents ?

Q. What is meant by " Rachel weeping for her children" ?

A. The Jewish mothers wept for their murdered babes, and they are all called by the name of their ancient mother, Rachel.

Q. Who was Rachel ?

Q. How can children now glorify CHRIST in their lives, as these did in their death ?

A. They can praise Him, love Him, and serve Him, and be so entirely His, that they would give their lives for Him if He required it.

Sunday after Christmas.

- Q. Does GOD accept the service of little children ?
 Q. Is it ever too early to serve The LORD ?
 Q. When were you first made the Children of GOD ?
 Q. Who was He who condescended for our sakes to become a little Child ?
 Q. Should you not try to imitate His example ?

The Circumcision.

- Q. What great proof of obedience to the Law did Our LORD give when He was a little Child !
 Q. When was the rite of Circumcision first instituted ?
 Q. At what age were Jewish children circumcised ?
 Q. How can children now imitate the obedience of Our LORD ?
 A. By obeying GOD first, and afterwards all those who are set over them in this world.
 Q. What part of the Catechism teaches you whom children ought to obey ?
 A. In my duty towards my neighbour, I say that I am to "love, honour, and succour my father and mother; to honour and obey the King, and all that are put in authority under him; to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters; to order myself lowly, and reverently to all my betters;" &c.
 Q. Repeat some passages of Holy Scripture in which obedience is commanded ?

The Epiphany.

Q. In commemoration of what event is the feast of the Epiphany held ?

Q. Who were these wise men ? Whence did they come ?

A. They are generally supposed to have been Kings, or powerful Gentile Princes ; they were also observers of the heavenly bodies, and, seeing a strange star, followed it from the East to Bethlehem.

Q. Why are we particularly interested in the manifestation of CHRIST to the Gentiles ?

A. Because we are descended from Gentiles, and could have had no hope, if CHRIST had only saved the descendants of Abraham.

Q. Who are the true children of Abraham ?

Q. Can little children serve The LORD, as well as mighty Kings ?

Q. What does King David say is the sacrifice that GOD will not despise ?

A. "A broken and a contrite heart." See Psalm, li. 18.

First Sunday after the Epiphany.

Q. Children, whose example have you for attending Church ?

Q. What age was Our LORD when His parents found Him in the temple ?

Q. What was He doing there ?

Q. How may children imitate Our LORD in this respect ?

Q. When were you made members of CHRIST'S Church ?

Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

Q. Where was the feast held of which you speak ?

Q. Where was Cana ?

Q. What miracle did Our LORD work at this feast ?

Q. Who urged Him to perform this miracle ?

Q. What was His answer to her ?

Q. How should Christians feast ?

A. With sobriety and gratitude.

Q. Will The LORD bless such feasts ?

A. Yes ; He will bless all our undertakings, if we try to do them in the manner most pleasing to Him.

Q. He That could change the water into wine, has He not power over all things ?

Q. What should we ask Him to change for us ?

A. Our sinful hearts.

Q. Can we do this of ourselves ?

A. No ; unless GOD work in us, we can do nothing good.

Third Sunday after the Epiphany.

Q. What lesson do you learn from the conduct of this Roman Centurion ?

A. Humility.

Q. Prove from Holy Scripture that humility is acceptable to The LORD ?

Q. On what occasion did Our LORD point out a little child as an emblem of humility ?

Q. What do you mean by the word Type ?

Q. What then ought to be the feelings of little children ?

Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.

Q. Who were they in the little ship which you describe ?

Q. What sea was Our LORD crossing with His Disciples ?

Q. How was He engaged when the storm began ?

Q. How did He quiet the storm ?

Q. How may we be comforted when we think of this miracle ?

A. We may think that CHRIST is always with us to help us in danger, though we do not see Him ; and we must not be afraid, like the disciples, who thought as He was asleep He did not care for them.

Q. Are there any things that put us in fear and danger, which we may compare to this storm ?

A. Yes ; we have many sins to tempt us, and sorrows to trouble us, and we must ask Our LORD to deliver us from them.

Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.

Q. Who spoke the parable referred to in these lines ?

Q. What is meant by the corn ? Who are the weeds ?

Q. What is the harvest time ?

Q. What do you understand by the weeds and the corn all growing together until the harvest ?

A. We see good and bad people living together in this world, and God is very good to all ; but they are all waiting for the day of judgment.

Q. Will there be a difference then ?

A. Yes ; the Angels will take the good people to Heaven, and send the wicked to Hell.

Q. What then should be our prayer ?

A. That CHRIST will give us grace to be His Own children, bearing good fruit in Him, unto everlasting life.

Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

Q. Why do we compare man to the leaves and flowers which wither in autumn ?

Q. How does his death differ from theirs ?

Q. Will our after state be better than that we live in now ?

Q. Repeat some passages of Holy Scripture which describe our heavenly home ?

Q. Who may hope to reach this happy place ? Who has won it for them ?

Q. How then should the Christian keep his heart on earth ?

Q. Who is our Great Example for all holiness and purity ?

Q. Who shall be our companions in heaven ?

Q. Whose Presence shall we there behold for ever ?

Septuagesima Sunday.

Q. Who compares our Christian life to the Grecian games ?

Q. What were these games ?

Q. How did the combatants prepare themselves ?

Q. What was their reward ?

Q. If they took such pains for things of so little worth, what may Christians learn from thence?

Q. How can we prepare ourselves for our struggle?

Q. What is the Christian's reward?

Q. What does Septuagesima mean?

Septuagesima Sunday.

Q. What is meant by the "good seed," in the Parable of the Sower?

Q. Have you opportunities of hearing the Word of God?

Q. What is meant by the different kinds of ground where the seed fell?

Q. When the Clergyman speaks God's Word to us in Church, which of these places should our hearts resemble?

Q. If we hear carelessly, who will soon take away the good seed?

Q. What kind of hearts are those where the Word sprang up from little root, and was soon withered?

Q. What things will soon choke the Word if we do not take care?

Q. What kind of fruits should Christians bring forth?

Q. Why is this Sunday called Sexagesima?

Quinquagesima Sunday.

Q. What is the meaning of "Charity?"

Q. Repeat a text in which our LORD tells us to love one another?

Q. How can little children break the rules of Charity?

A. By being selfish, and quarrelsome, and feeling jealous of each other.

Q. Where does St. Paul tell us Charity will always be?

A. In heaven. When we have got all we hoped for, and when we see all we believed, we shall live in love with GOD and His Holy Angels for ever.

Q. If we hope to live with the Angels hereafter, should we not try to be like them now?

Q. Who was He — greater than the Angels — who gave a perfect example of Charity?

Q. How did He show His great Love to us?

Q. Why do we say we can only see dimly, and far off, the time when our love shall be perfect?

A. Because we are not in heaven yet, and can only understand its beauties and perfections by what we hear; like people looking through a telescope at something far away.

Q. What does Quinquagesima mean?

Ash Wednesday.

Q. What day is Ash Wednesday?

Q. What is Lent kept in remembrance of?

Q. Why does the Church appoint solemn times of fasting and humiliation?

A. That we may recollect our sins, confess them, and repent of them.

Q. Why does She tell us to fast?

A. That we may get the mastery over our own inclinations, and learn the habit of denying ourselves.

Q. Have children sins to repent of?

Q. What should be your feelings, then, at this time?

A. We should feel grieved and humbled for our sins; we should think them over, and confess them to GOD, and ask of Him strength to strive against them.

First Sunday in Lent.

Q. How long does Lent last, and why?

Q. What may we learn from our Blessed LORD's long fast in the wilderness before His temptation?

A. That we must prepare ourselves by self-denial, watchfulness, and sobriety, for the temptations we shall have to meet.

Q. In Whom alone are all our services acceptable?

Second Sunday in Lent.

Q. Are there any parts of the world where the Name of GOD is not known?

Q. Have you not great cause to be thankful that you were born in a Christian land?

Q. How can Christians show their gratitude?

Q. Why are you worse than the little heathens if you indulge your bad passions?

Third Sunday in Lent.

- Q. Is it a sin to be idle?
- Q. What does St. Paul say on this subject?
- Q. Who is always ready to put bad thoughts into idle hearts?
- Q. In what parable did our SAVIOUR show this?
- Q. What was the fate of the man whose heart was empty, swept, and garnished?
- Q. When were you pledged to serve the LORD CHRIST?
- Q. What doom befel the servant who buried the talent?

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

- Q. Is it our duty to forgive one another?
- Q. What did our LORD say about this duty of forgiveness?
- Q. Whose example is mentioned in these verses?
- Q. Who was Joseph?
- Q. How did his brothers injure him?
- Q. What was his conduct when he might have resented their ill usage?
- Q. What did he say to them?
- Q. What may we learn from Joseph's conduct?

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

- Q. Are we to suppose, as the Jews did, that Abraham and the Prophets are dead?

A. No; we know they are alive somewhere, though they are gone from earth.

Q. How do you know they are alive?

A. Because GOD says, "I am the GOD of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob;" and GOD is not the GOD of the dead, but of the living.

Q. Where are Horeb, and Carmel, and who dwelt by the brook Cherith?

Q. Where did Moses die? Is his burial place known?

Q. Who were laid in the cave of Machpelah?

Q. How was Elijah removed from earth?

Q. Have we the same hope as the Patriarchs and Prophets?

Q. What has Our LORD told us about this?

A. "If a man keep My sayings, he shall never taste of death."

Sunday next before Easter.

Q. Why is this Sunday commonly called Palm Sunday?

Q. In what manner did our LORD ride into Jerusalem?

Q. Was His entering Jerusalem thus foretold?

Q. How did the Jewish multitude treat Our LORD soon after?

Q. What do we learn from this?

A. That unless our hearts are really full of faith and love, the expressions of our lips are not to be relied on.

Good Friday.

Q. Who died on Good Friday?

Q. How do we know that the LORD JESUS CHRIST loved us very much?

Q. What should be our feelings on this day!

A. We should be very sorry for our sins, and love the LORD very much, Who has saved us from them.

Q. What hope have we in our sorrow to-day?

A. We know that His death has won for us life everlasting; that His precious Blood has redeemed us, and washed away our sins.

Q. What is this week called?—and why?

Easter Even.

Q. What day is Easter Even?

A. Our LORD lay in the grave through this day, His sufferings and death being over.

Q. In whose grave was our LORD laid?

Q. What prophecy was fulfilled by His lying in the grave of the rich Joseph of Arimathea? See Isaiah. liii.

Q. Who asked Pilate to seal the stone, and set a watch on it?

Q. How were we once buried with CHRIST?

A. We were buried with Him in baptism, and we must be all our lives dead to sin, and alive to every thing good, like people born again into a better life.

Easter Day.

Q. Who rose from the grave on Easter Sunday ?

Q. What hope have we by the Resurrection of our LORD ?

A. As His body rose from the grave, our bodies too shall rise and inherit the joys of heaven.

Q. Who has opened for us the gate of heaven ?

Q. Has Easter long been observed as a feast in the Church ?

A. Yes ; from the very earliest times the Lent fast and the festival of Easter have been observed.

First Sunday after Easter.

Q. Who compares our Christian life to a state of warfare ?

A. Our LORD Himself, see Luke xiv. 21 ; and Saint Paul, see Ephes. vi., 1 Tim. vi. 12, &c.

Q. Who is the Captain of our host ?

Q. When did we vow to fight manfully under His banner ?

Q. Who are the Christian's enemies in the conflict ?

Q. What is the Christian's reward ?

Second Sunday after Easter.

Q. Where is this remarkable history found ?

Q. Who was Balaam ?

Q. Who asked him to curse Israel ?

Q. Relate the circumstances of their interview ?

Q. What lesson may we draw from this account ?

A. That GOD over-rules the designs of wicked men for the good of His Church and the glory of His Name.

Third Sunday after Easter.

Q. Why are Christians said to be like pilgrims ?

A. Because this world is not their home ; they are travelling through it to their Father's land in heaven ?

Q. What kind of path has the Christian Pilgrim to tread ?

A. A narrow, thorny path ; for it is often very difficult to do right.

Q. What temptations will he have to contend with ?

A. The world, the flesh, and the devil, will try to lure him into the broad path that leadeth to destruction.

Q. What do you mean by the flowers he meets ?

A. GOD has given us all many blessings here below, which we must thankfully receive, but take care so to use them that they may not impede our heavenward course.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

Q. What commandment did GOD give the Jews about teaching their children ?

Q. Is it ever too soon to begin ?

Q. Why did St. Paul commend young Timothy ?

Q. How do you know that our LORD loved little children to come to Him ?

Q. What thought will be pleasant to Christians in their old age ?

A. It will be pleasant to them to remember that they were very soon taught to know the LORD, and that they have served Him from their earliest infancy.

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

Q. Who compares Christian works to good fruits ?

Q. What kind of fruit should Christians bear.

Q. Will not our opportunities of prayer and hearing GOD'S Word condemn us, if our conduct be not good ?

A. Yes ; we must do what we hear, and try to act up to what our lips have prayed ?

Q. How does Saint James describe true religion ?

Ascension Day.

Q. From whence did Our LORD ascend into Heaven ?

Q. Describe the circumstances of His Ascension ?

Q. Is He not still present with us, though we cannot see Him ?

Q. Repeat some passage of Holy Scripture which affirms this ?

Q. What is Our LORD doing for us at the Right Hand of GOD ?

Q. Will he ever come again ?—and when ?

Q. Where should our hearts be now ?

Q. How can we in heart ascend to Heaven ?

A. By loving to think of heavenly things, and making it our principal care to prepare ourselves for heaven.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

Q. Should we not love very much to go to Church ?

Q. Where are the prayers contained that are so dear to us ?

A. In the Book of Common Prayer.

Q. What is meant by CHRIST'S chosen Shepherd ?

A. The Clergyman, CHRIST'S appointed Minister, who teaches us in Church.

Q. Why should we not go to any other place of worship than The Church for praise and prayer ?

A. Because we cannot have, elsewhere, properly ordained Ministers to administer to us the Sacraments ; and besides, when people divide one from another, they break the unity of the Church.

Q. Is it wrong to cause divisions in the Church ?

A. Yes. Unity is one great mark of the Church ; and St. Paul says, "Mark them which cause divisions among you, and avoid them."

Whit Sunday.

Q. What event is commemorated on Whit Sunday ?

Q. What was this time called among the Jews ?

Q. Describe the descent of the HOLY GHOST upon the Apostles.

Q. Repeat some texts in which Our LORD had promised the HOLY GHOST to His disciples.

Q. How does the HOLY GHOST come to us now?

Q. Where is the working of GOD'S Spirit in our hearts compared to the action of the wind?

Q. What does the HOLY GHOST do to our hearts?

A. It sanctifies them.

Trinity Sunday.

Q. How many persons are there in the Trinity?

Q. Can we understand all that we are commanded to believe?

Q. What is the meaning of Mystery?

Q. What should be our feelings concerning the Mysteries of our Holy Religion?

A. We must believe them because we are told to do so without doubt or question.

Q. What is the Creed called that is repeated to-day, and on some other days in the year?— and why?

A. It is called the Athanasian Creed, though it was not written by Saint Athanasius. It was composed in the fourth century, and is called by the name of Athanasius because it maintains the doctrines which he was all his life engaged in defending.

Q. Who was Saint Athanasius?

A. A very holy and learned Bishop of Alexandria, who was born 296 years after the birth of Our LORD. He defended the cause of truth against the Arian heretics, who did not rightly believe the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. He was very much persecuted by them, being several times banished from his Bishopric.

First Sunday after Trinity.

Q. Repeat the parable of Lazarus and the rich man.

Q. Which was happiest in the end, the rich or the poor man ?

Q. Had that rich man made good use of his riches ?

Q. What does this story teach us ?

A. That we ought not to envy the rich and great, since their possessions make them liable to many temptations.

Q. Ought the rich and the poor to pray for each other ?

A. Yes. Every station has its own temptations ; we should be satisfied with that in which GOD has placed us, and fervently pray for each other, and for ourselves.

Second Sunday after Trinity.

Q. Who is supposed to speak the words with which these lines commence ?

Q. Who was Sisera ?

Q. Who judged Israel at that time ?

Q. What was the fate of Sisera ?

Q. What do we learn from this ?

A. That GOD makes use of the weakest instruments to accomplish His purposes ; and none is too low or feeble to serve Him in His appointed way.

Q. How can Christians always help the Church and each other ?

A. By their prayers.

Q. Who composed a song of triumph on the overthrow of Sisera ?

Third Sunday after Trinity.

- Q. Who likens our spiritual enemy to a lion ?
 Q. Is he always on the watch to assail us ?
 Q. How does the devil assault Christians ?
 Q. What weapons have we to resist him ?
 Q. Should we be continually on our guard to resist him ?
-

Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

- Q. What did Our LORD say about finding fault with others ?
 Q. Whose sins are we to observe and watch ?
 Q. For whom will each have to give account in the Day of Judgment ?
-

Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

- Q. Are the little courtesies of common life beneath the Christian's attention ?
 A. No ; for these things tend to make others happy : and any thing that makes us more gentle and dear, more considerate and less selfish, is good for us.
 Q. What should be the motive of all our actions ?
 Q. Where are Christians likened to stones in a building ?

Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

Q. Repeat some passages in which Our LORD speaks of governing our tongues.

Q. What does Saint James compare the tongue to ?

Q. But must we not watch our hearts as well as our tongues ?

Q. When shall we have to give an account for every idle word ?

Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

Q. What king refused to sacrifice to the LORD of what cost him nothing ?

Q. What was Araunah's proposal ?

Q. On what occasion did this conversation take place ?

Q. Should we be satisfied with giving to the LORD what we care little about ?

Q. What did Our LORD say about denying ourselves ?

Q. Can poor people deny themselves for CHRIST'S sake, and make Him as acceptable offerings as the rich ?

Q. What proof have you of this in the Bible ?

A. Our LORD saw a poor widow casting two mites into the treasury, and He said she had given more than the rich people who cast in their abundance.

Q. Why was the widow's mite so acceptable ?

A. Because it was all that she had, and it cost her much self-denial to give it to the LORD.

Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

Q. To what kingdom are Christians born heirs ?

Q. When were we born to this glorious inheritance ?

Q. How then should we live ?

A. Like "Heirs of the kingdom of Heaven," whose home is not in this world, and who do not forget the place they are going to.

Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

Q. Are the natural objects around us images of other things ?

A. Yes ; and we may learn much from them if we look on them in this light, as, from the withering and blooming again of flowers, we are led to think of our own death and resurrection.

Q. Are there types in spiritual things also ?

A. Yes, if we read carefully the Old Testament, we shall find it full of types of our Christian course.

Q. What is the coming of the Children of Israel out of Egypt a type of ?

A. Of our escape from the bondage of sin.

Q. What does the passage through the red sea typify ?

Q. What heavenly food have we on our journey ?

Q. Who is our Rock, and Cloud, and Fiery Pillar ?

Q. What is the promised land we are journeying to ?

Q. What warning should we draw from the conduct of the Israelites ?

Q. Who tells us to make this use of their history ?

Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

Q. Why was King Ahab sad ?

Q. What does this teach us ?

A. That earthly possessions cannot give happiness unless the heart is at peace and contented.

Q. How did the King possess himself of Naboth's vineyard.

Q. Who met him there ?

Q. What sins does this story teach us to avoid ?

A. Envy, and too eager pursuit after any earthly object.

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

Q. Who is the leper spoken of here ?

Q. How came Naaman to resort to Elisha ?

Q. What was the Prophet's answer to him ?

Q. Why did it displease him so much ?

Q. Did he go at last ?—and what induced him ?

Q. What plague have we that resembles leprosy ?

Q. What is the stream that washes away our sin ?

A. The Precious Blood of Our LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Q. How can we be like Naaman when he scorned to wash in Jordan ?

A. If, instead of turning to CHRIST with penitence and faith and good works, we think we can be saved by any way of our own, or if we live on carelessly, not caring for Him, or thinking about our sins.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

Q. How did Our LORD cure the deaf and dumb man ?

Q. What should be our feelings when we see others thus afflicted ?

A. We should feel pity for them, and gratitude to GOD, Who has made our faculties so perfect.

Q. How should we use these faculties ?

A. To the honour of GOD, remembering that much will be required of them to whom much is given.

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Q. Who spoke the parable of the Good Samaritan ?

Q. What do we learn from it ?

A. That all men are our neighbours, and we must be kind to all as we have opportunity.

Q. When did you promise to love your neighbour as yourself ?

A. At my Baptism I promised to keep GOD's Holy Commandments; and my duty towards my neighbour is contained in them.

Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Q. How many lepers were, at the time here referred to, cured by Our LORD ?

Q. How many returned to thank Him ?

Q. How can Christians resemble these ungrateful lepers ?

Q. What have we to be thankful for besides temporal blessings ?

Q. How can we best show our gratitude ?

Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Q. What lesson did Our LORD draw for us from the lily of the field ?

Q. To Whom should we trust in our worst extremity ?

Q. What things ought we to seek before all earthly good ?

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Q. Relate the affecting story of this miracle.

Q. Where is Nain ?

Q. Should Christians then despair when those they love are taken from them by death ?

A. No : for CHRIST, Who raised the poor widow's son, will surely raise them up again at the last day.

Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

Q. Did the Children of Israel often commit idolatry ?

Q. What did they worship ?—and with what fearful rites ?

Q. How can Christians commit idolatry ?

A. By loving any thing in this world — riches, or pleasure, or their own quiet and comfort — better than GOD.

Q. What does Saint Paul say is idolatry ?

Q. Can we serve GOD with part of our time and affection, and the world with the rest ?

A. No : CHRIST said, “Ye cannot serve GOD and Mammon.”

Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Q. To Whom is the Christian's day of rest dedicated ?

Q. On what day did the Jews keep their Sabbath ?

Q. Why did the Christians change it ?

Q. Which of the commandments relates to the observance of the Sabbath ?

Q. Did not GOD enforce particularly on the Jews the observance of His Sabbath ?

Q. How should Christians keep their LORD's feast ?

A. By resting their bodies ; by praising Him, and praying to Him, in His house ; and lifting up their thoughts to Him, free from the toils and cares of the world.

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Q. Why was Daniel thrown into the lion's den ?

Q. Why could not the King prevent it ?

Q. What do you learn from Daniel's conduct ?

A. That we must faithfully serve GOD in spite of all opposition, and even danger ?

Q. What kind of opposition are you most likely to meet with in doing what is right ?

A. We may, very likely, be laughed at, and taunted ; besides it may cost us a good deal of personal inconvenience to go and pray to GOD with His people in His Church.

Q. How many times a-day did Daniel pray ?

Q. Does it always please GOD to deliver His Saints miraculously ?

Q. Did the Holy Martyrs of old, notwithstanding, shrink from His service ?

A. No : they bore the most fearful deaths, knowing that their reward was in heaven.

Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

Q. Repeat the parable of the Marriage Feast ?

Q. Who is meant by the King ?

Q. Who are the Guests ?

Q. Who is the Bridegroom ?

Q. When do we resemble the ungrateful guests ?

A. When we allow the things of this world to fill up our hearts, so that we forget GOD, and do not think of preparing ourselves for heaven.

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

Q. Which of the commandments orders obedience to parents ?

Q. Did our LORD love His mother when on earth ?

Q. What proof of His love for her is here alluded to ?

Q. Who is our Father in heaven ?

Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

Q. Is it right to ill-treat inferior creatures ?

A. No : every kind of cruelty tends to harden our hearts, and make us unfeeling.

Q. When did our LORD ride on an ass into Jerusalem ?

Q. By whose sin was a curse brought upon the whole creation ?

Q. What mark of a good man is mentioned in Scripture ?

A. That he is "merciful to his beast."

Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

Q. What is the meaning of the command, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" ?

A. It means that there are earthly powers set over us, and that we have duties to perform to them.

Q. Repeat some other passages of Scripture in which we are desired to obey the King.

Q. Who is to us in the place of Cæsar ?

A. Our Queen.

Q. How can poor people and children, who perhaps never saw her, render the Queen her due ?

A. By speaking of her with affection and reverence ; by obeying her laws, and praying for her.

Q. Do we pray for the Queen in Church ?

A. Yes : there is a prayer for the Queen in the Morning and Evening Prayers for every day in the year ; and she is prayed for in the Litany, and in the Communion Service.

Q. Where have we a command to do this in the Bible ?

Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

Q. Why did the Ruler send to our LORD ?

Q. Was the child dead when our LORD reached the place ?

Q. What did He say to the mourners ?

Q. Whom did He permit to be present at the miracle ?

Q. What comfort may we draw from our LORD'S words ?

A. The Christian's death is but like a sleep : CHRIST is our Life and Resurrection ; and we shall rise again, like the Ruler's child.

Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.

Q. What is the effect of a gentle, kind answer when others are angry ?

Q. Is it the duty of Christians to answer in this manner ?

A. Yes : it is the duty of Christians to promote peace by every means in their power.

Q. What did our LORD say of the peace makers ?

Q. Is it always easy to give soft answers ?

A. No : it is frequently very difficult. We may be wrongfully reproached, and it is hard to restrain anger ; but we must restrain it ; we must subdue our selfish tempers for the sake of our LORD.

Q. Of whom was it said, " See how these Christians love ? "

Saint Andrew's Day.

Q. Who was Saint Andrew ?

Q. When did he first see Our LORD ?

Q. What was his first action when he heard the LORD himself ?

Q. When did Our LORD call him to follow Him ?

Q. What further does history tell us about him ?

A. Scythia is said to have been the scene of his labours, till coming to Patra in Achaia, he was martyred by Ægeas the Proconsul, who scourged him, and bound him with cords to a cross till he died.

Q. Why does the Church appoint Saints' days ?

A. To put us in mind of holy men, and to teach us, by thinking about them, to endeavour to be like them.

Saint Thomas's Day.

Q. Who was Saint Thomas ? What surname was given to him ?

A. He was one of the twelve Apostles, and is called Didymus.

Q. Can you give any proof of Saint Thomas's attachment to Our LORD ?

Q. What circumstance of Thomas's life is alluded to in these verses ?

Q. What did Our LORD say to Saint Thomas on this occasion which may comfort us, who have never seen Him ?

Q. How can we believe on Him ?

A. We must be sure that all that the Bible tells us about

Him is true, and we must live as if we believed these great truths.

Q. Can you tell anything more about Saint Thomas ?

A. He travelled as far as India, preaching the Gospel ; there the Brahmins, who are idolatrous Indian priests, had him murdered. There are still Christians in India, whose forefathers derived their first knowledge of the truth from the preaching of Saint Thomas.

The Conversion of Saint Paul.

Q. What book of the Bible contains most of the history of Saint Paul ?

Q. Where was he born, and how was he educated ?

Q. Give me an account of his conversion.

Q. What was his after life ?

A. It was entirely devoted to the service of his LORD ; he preached in most parts of the known world, and was finally killed by Nero, at Rome.

Q. What books of Holy Scripture did Saint Paul write ?

A. One Epistle to the Romans, two to the Corinthians, one to the Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians and Hebrews, two to the Thessalonians, two to Timothy, one to Titus, and one to Philemon.

Q. What do we learn from the conversion of Saint Paul ?

A. That whatever be our natural temper, the Spirit of GOD can change it ; He makes the proud humble, the passionate gentle, and we should watch and pray that He may work thus in our hearts.

The Presentation of Christ in the Temple.

Q. Why is this Feast called "The Purification of the Virgin Mary?"

A. Because every Jewish woman to whom GOD had given a child, was obliged, by the law of Moses, to come to His temple after forty days, and make an offering to GOD; a lamb if she were rich enough, or else two young doves or pigeons. The Virgin Mary, who was very poor, made her offering on this day of two young pigeons.

Q. Why is it also called "The Feast of the Presentation?"

A. Because it was also declared by the law of Moses that the eldest son belonged to GOD, and must be presented to Him in His temple, and ransomed for a sum of money.

Q. What was the redeeming of the first-born a type of?

A. Of the redemption of the whole world from sin and death.

Q. What was the price of our redemption?

A. The precious blood of our LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Q. Who were Simeon and Anna?

Q. When was the coming of the LORD to the Temple foretold?

Saint Matthias's Day.

Q. Who was Saint Matthias?

A. The Apostle chosen in the room of Judas Iscariot, when, by his wickedness, he had lost his place among CHRIST'S chosen twelve.

• Q. What sin did Judas Iscariot commit?

Q. What may this teach us ?

A. That we must be very watchful over ourselves, and not think that we are safe from temptation because we are CHRIST's baptized members, since one of His own Apostles sinned so awfully.

Q. How was Saint Matthias chosen ?

Q. Can you tell me anything more about him ?

A. Nothing very certain is known of his after life. He is thought to have travelled eastward, where he suffered martyrdom from the barbarous people. Some say he was stoned by the Jews as a blasphemer.

The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Q. What do you mean by the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary ?

A. On this day the Angel announced to her that she was to be the mother of Our LORD.

Q. Who was the Virgin Mary ?

Q. What did she answer to the Angel ?

Q. What do we learn from the example of the Blessed Virgin Mary ?

A. We learn to be holy and humble, and ready to do whatever GOD appoints for us.

Q. What observation drew from Our LORD the words repeated in the last of these verses ?

Saint Mark's Day.

Q. Who was Saint Mark ?

Q. What does Evangelist mean ?

Q. How is Saint Mark mentioned in Holy Scripture ?

Q. What was the after history of Saint Mark ?

A. He travelled through Egypt and Lybia preaching the Gospel, and was finally barbarously murdered by the Egyptians. He is supposed to have been the particular friend and attendant of Saint Peter.

Q. What Parable is here alluded to ?

Q. Who have we to teach us besides Moses and the Prophets ?

A. We have all the books of the New Testament written by Evangelists and Apostles, and Our LORD Himself has come to us from the dead to lead us to heaven.

Saint Philip and Saint James's Day.

Q. Who was Saint Philip ?

A. He was probably a fisherman of Bethsaida in Galilee.

Q. What did he say to Nathaniel ?

Q. What does this teach us ?

A. That we should be glad to see others good, and should advise them to be so.

Q. What more is said of Saint Philip ?

A. He preached the Gospel in Upper Asia and suffered martyrdom at Hierapolis, in Phrygia.

Q. What is Saint James called in Holy Scripture ?

A. "The brother of The LORD:" this word in Hebrew may be applied to any near relation.

Q. What is he called to distinguish him from the other James ?

Q. Tell me something more of Saint James ?

A. He was made Bishop of Jerusalem, and suffered martyrdom there through the malice of the Scribes and Pharisees about twenty-four years after the Ascension of Our LORD.

Q. What book of the Bible did Saint James write ?

Saint Barnabas's Day.

Q. Who was Saint Barnabas, and what does his name signify ?

A. He was a Jew of Cyprus, his name signifies "the son of consolation."

Q. What great proof of charity and self-denial did Saint Barnabas give ?

Q. What event of his life is alluded to in these verses ?

Q. Who were Jupiter and Mercurius ?

Q. Have we any further account of Saint Barnabas ?

A. He is said by some to have preached in Italy ; but he is generally supposed to have suffered martyrdom in his own Island, Cyprus.

Q. What may we learn from the conduct of Saint Barnabas ?

A. We learn not to seek the applause of man ; to be kind and loving, and self-denying, in serving The LORD.

Saint John the Baptist's Day.

- Q. Who was John the Baptist ?
- Q. Who were his parents ? What remarkable circumstances attended his birth ?
- Q. What prophecies in the Old Testament relate to John the Baptist, and by what name is he called ?
- Q. Where did he preach ?
- Q. Whom did he baptize in the river Jordan ?
- Q. How was John the Baptist killed ? Relate the circumstances.
- Q. What enquiry did John the Baptist send two of his disciples to make of Our LORD ?
- Q. What did Our LORD say about John the Baptist ?

Saint Peter's Day.

- Q. Who was Saint Peter ?
- Q. What was his occupation ? When was he first called by Our LORD ?
- Q. What was Saint Peter's character ?
- Q. Tell me some circumstances that are recorded of him in Holy Scripture ?
- Q. On what occasion did he deny the LORD ?
- Q. What does this teach us ?
- A. Not to be too confident in ourselves. Saint Peter trusted to his own powers of resisting temptation and he fell.
- Q. Relate the conversation of Our LORD with Saint Peter after His resurrection ?
- Q. How did Saint Peter suffer martyrdom ?
- A. He was crucified with his head downwards, at the command of the Emperor Nero.

St. James the Apostle's Day.

Q. Who is that Saint James we commemorate to-day ?

Q. What was his end, and where is it recorded ?

Q. What was his mother's petition for him and his brother ?

Q. What was Our LORD's answer ?

Q. How did Saint James drink his Master's cup ?

Q. Where was he baptized with fire ?

A. At the feast of Pentecost, when he received The HOLY GHOST in the shape of a tongue sitting on his head.

Q. What may we learn from the history of this Saint ?

A. That CHRIST knows what is good for us, and grants our prayers, not always in the way we think best.

Saint Bartholomew's Day.

Q. Who is St Bartholomew commonly identified with ?

A. With Nathaniel.

Q. What did Our LORD say of this Nathaniel ?

Q. How did our LORD express to Nathaniel that He is present every where ?

Q. What does this teach us ?

A. That there is no place, however retired, where the Eye of GOD does not reach us.

Q. Do you know any thing more of Saint Bartholomew ?

A. He preached in Northern and Western Asia, and was at last cruelly murdered by the Governor of Albanople, a city of Armenia.

Saint Matthew's Day.

Q. Who was Saint Matthew ?

Q. What book of Holy Scripture did he write ?

Q. What was his birth and profession ?

A. He was a Jew by birth, a publican or tax-gatherer by profession.

Q. How was he engaged when Our LORD called him ?

Q. What further is known of him ?

A. He travelled to Ethiopia, where he is said to have suffered martyrdom ?

Q. What do you learn from his history ?

A. He rose and left his wealth to follow CHRIST; so we should love to serve The LORD better than the things of this world; we should be ready to give them up for His sake if we have them, and if not we should check all vain covetous desires for their possession.

Saint Michael and all Angels.

Q. What are we told of Saint Michael ?

A. That he was an Archangel who particularly guarded the Jewish nation, that he led an army of Angels who fought with the dragon, and that he contended with Satan for the body of Moses.

Q. What is particularly told us of this contention ?

A. That the Angel brought no railing accusation against his adversary, but said, "The LORD rebuke thee."

Q. Mention some passages of Holy Scripture in which the Holy Angels are said to have ministered to men ?

Saint Luke the Evangelist.

Q. What books of the Holy Scripture did Saint Luke write ?

A. The Gospel of Saint Luke and the Acts of the Apostles.

Q. What are instanced in these verses as having been recorded by Saint Luke ?

A. The divine song of Simeon and Anna, and the blessed Virgin Mary, and of Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist, which are not mentioned by the other Evangelists.

Q. What more is said of Saint Luke's acquirements ?

A. Saint Paul calls him the "beloved Physician," and he is commonly said to have been a painter.

Q. How do you know that he soothed Saint Paul's last moments ?

A. Because Saint Paul in his Epistle to Timothy, written just before his death, says "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed unto Thessalonica, Crescens to Galatia, Titus unto Dalmatia, only Luke is with me."

Q. Which of the characteristics of Saint Luke can we certainly imitate ?

A. We can love GOD'S Saints as he did, and be kind to suffering and afflicted.

Q. How should we use other powers, if GOD bestows them upon us ?

A. We should use them to His honour and glory.

Q. Tell me something more about Saint Luke ?

A. The ancients are not agreed as to the place and manner of his death ; some say it happened in Greece, some in Egypt ; he is said to have suffered death by being hanged on an olive tree.

Saint Simon and Saint Jude.

Q. What was Saint Simon named ?

A. The Canaanite, and also Simon Zelotes.

Q. Where is he supposed to have preached, and suffered martyrdom ?

A. In Egypt, Greece, and Lybia, and he is said to have gone into Britain, and suffered martyrdom there, but other accounts say he was killed in Persia.

Q. What do you know of Saint Jude? what did he write?

A. He was brother of Saint James the less, so of Our LORD; he wrote one Epistle.

Q. Is he called by any other name in the Bible?

A. Yes, Thaddeus and Lebbeus.

Q. What further is known of Saint Jude?

A. He preached in Arabia, and Mesopotamia, and suffered martyrdom in Persia?

Q. What do we learn from remembering these good men, of whom so little is known?

A. That we should be satisfied that our good actions be known to GOD alone, for the applause of men is not what Christians seek, but the approval of GOD.

All Saints' Day.

Q. Who is this day kept in remembrance of?

Q. Who are the Saints?

Q. Why does the Church appoint this feast?

A. That GOD may be honoured in His Saints, and that we may try to be like them.

Q. What do you mean by the Communion of Saints?

A. The Saints have One GOD, One CHRIST, One SPIRIT, one Faith, one Baptism, one Hope; they feel for each other, love each other, and pray for each other.

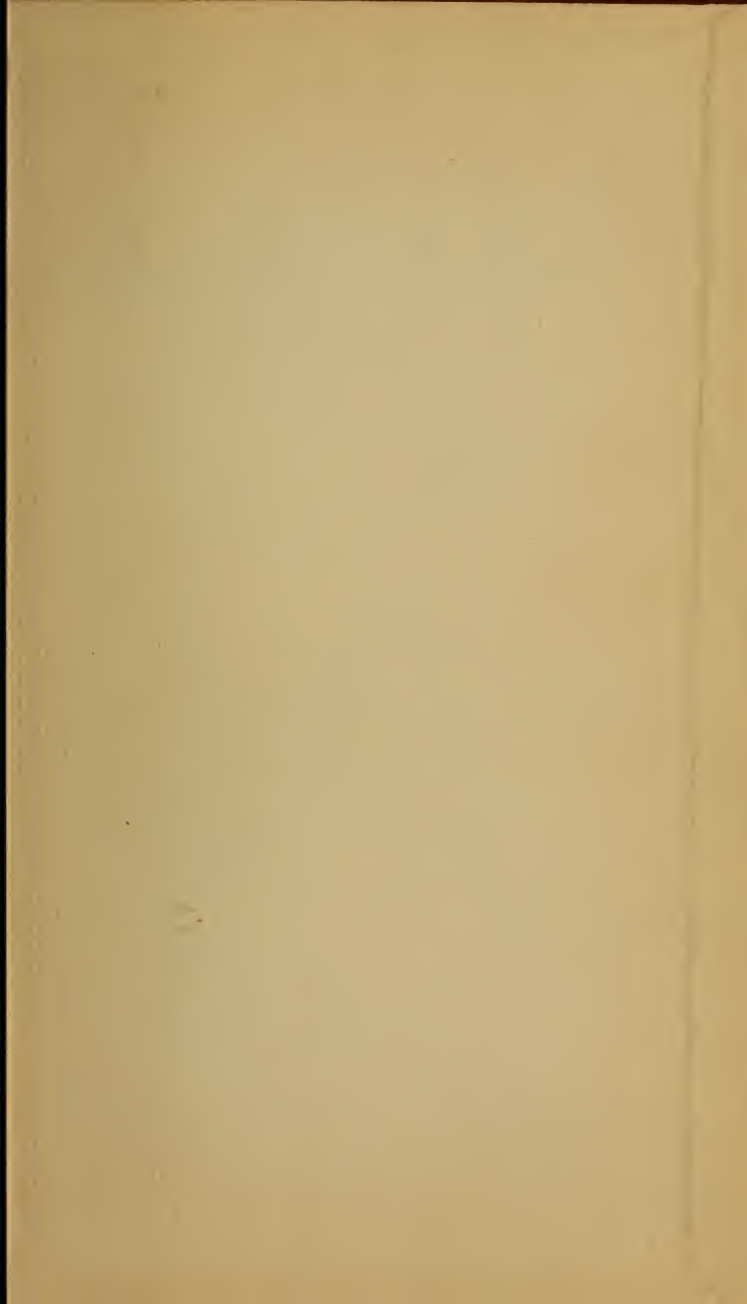


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